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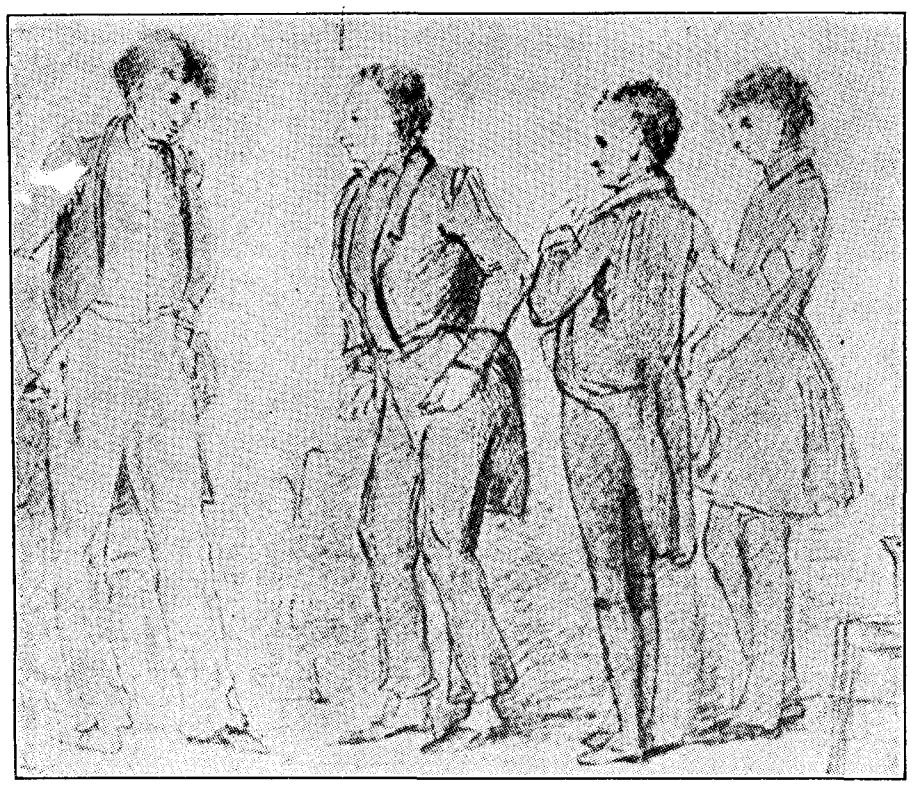

LEIGH HUNT HAZLITT LAMB THORNTON L. HUNT

A drawing from memory by Thornton Leigh Hunt of a gathering in Leigh Hunt's study.

A Good Study of Love

MEMORY OF LOVE. By Bessie Breuer. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

MISS BREUER'S novel has an intensity and sharpness of life that is rare indeed. Although it is a story of modern love, written in the new American style which has its roots in the cadences of Gertrude Stein, its quality is that of certain old ballads, tragic, fiery, and naked. And while occasional deliberate crudities jangle discordantly in its pages, the book has great beauty. A strange, ardent vitality flows through it, springing from the intense life of the two whose alternate attraction and repulsion create the story.

Alec, who tells the story in the first person, is a figure out of Malory, a man richer in physical magnificence and instinctive life than most novelists venture to create, but a man born too late. He is an anachronism, and his superb vitalities are wasted between drink and women, hunting and playing at being a country gentleman. Julie is one of those uneasy women, full of "acute self-consciousness and morbidity shot with sensibility," too thin but rather beautiful, too high-strung, halfway intellectual, who are a recurring type in America today, the product of cities, close to Europe in their blood, and always subtly alien, subtly maladjusted. She is quiveringly alive, and in the end charming and appealing, although at first there are moments when she is repellant and almost unbearably unattractive in her tenseness. And it is with her that our sympathies remain in the appalling dénouement of their love affair.

Miss Breuer has succeeded in the difficult feat of telling the story in Alec's terms. It is sharpened by his physical consciousness, by the keenness of his senses, and heightened by the intoxication which he must feel to know that he is alive, an intoxication which he can find in drunkenness of love or even in memory. In too many novels emotion is not conveyed because it has become simply an abstraction. Here, translated into sensation, it is tangible and disturbing.

A Stick of Dynamite Wrapped Like Candy

THORSTEIN VEBLEN AND HIS AMERICA. By Joseph Dorfman. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

THORSTEIN VEBLEN'S life presents a budget of paradoxes. An outstanding genius in the social sciences in America—I do not forget Morgan, Sumner, or Ward—he was kept out of the universities as teacher until he was thirty-five. The most important of our satirists—I do not except Mark Twain or F. P. Dunne—he was treated even by Mr. H. L. Mencken as a dusty professor with no particular claims to literary eminence. The foremost analyst, after Marx, of the social contradictions in our economic order, he was regarded as a dilettante by professorial economists who had not a modicum of either his factual knowledge or his historic insight. And these paradoxes were present in Veblen's whole life; for his human passions were hidden behind a mask of impassivity.

In this copious, painstaking study of Veblen's life and work Mr. Joseph Dorfman has brought together the necessary data for understanding and judging his career. Particularly in describing the academic milieu a generation ago and presenting in detail the unfolding of Veblen's thought in successive articles, lectures, and books Mr. Dorfman has done an excellent job. But Veblen was a highly complex personality, and if he remains an enigma during his own lifetime one should not be surprised to find that he sometimes eludes his first biographer's attempt to bring his personal and his intellectual life into focus.

Thanks to Mr. Dorfman, however, the main events in Veblen's life are now fairly clear. The domestic background is highly interesting. We behold a sturdy Norwegian family, with many relatives, working a farm in Wisconsin, where Thorstein was born in 1857; an immigrant family, isolated in a self-contained communal life, seeking to improve its position

(*Continued on page* 421)

William Hazlitt

An Appreciation of a Great Literary Journalist

BY JACOB ZEITLIN

WRITING to Mill two years after the death of the essayist, Carlyle, in one of his rarer impulses of generosity toward a contemporary, voiced a kind of regret that William Hazlitt was doomed to fade out of the vision of posterity for want of a good biography. "He was," said Carlyle, "a man of such emphasis as should not be forgotten." There is nothing surprising in the implied fear. The danger of oblivion seemed real enough. While he lived, Hazlitt could make himself felt by the vividness and frequency of his personal expression. But he had written no single book to which his fame could be attached like that of Lamb to the "Essays of Elia," or of De Quincey to the "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Some of the essays which are now among the most celebrated of writings were at the time of his death still scattered in the periodicals in which they had made their original appearance. Moreover, he had by his outspokenness and sharpness aroused antagonism and irritation in those circles which represented the dignity and respectability of literature, and his real indiscretions had enabled his enemies to fix upon him the stigma of disreputableness. Nor was he as fortunate as he might have been in the persons who for two generations assumed the responsibility of guarding and fostering his literary reputation. How could Carlyle or anybody else be expected to foresee that a hundred years later a cultivated and scholarly student of English literature, standing before an audience in a great university and putting the question as to who was the greatest of English critics, would, leaving Coleridge and Carlyle himself out of consideration, pronounce his verdict in favor of William Hazlitt?

Whether or not one concurs in giving him this supreme position, there can be no doubt of the prestige which he now enjoys both as critic and essayist. No other prose writer of Hazlitt's generation has received so imposing a tribute as the magnificent edition* of his works which has recently been completed and which supersedes the collection published thirty odd years ago under the auspices of Waller and Glover. It represents a magnificent triumph of genius over prejudice. A nature as faulty as Hazlitt's will always provoke cavilings, and the estimate of his superlative qualities will always have to be accompanied with serious restrictions, but on almost any subject on which he has spoken his opinion is one that has to be reckoned with. One of the strangest critical observations of recent years is Mr. T. S. Eliot's saying that among important English critics Hazlitt's mind was the "most uninteresting."

The power of arousing interest, at any rate, is one which even his most hostile contemporaries granted him. The stricture passed by his more judicious critics is that his work was "journalistic." As a literal description of the conditions under which far the greater part of it was produced, the term is entirely accurate. But there need be nothing derogatory in it. Journalism as practised by Hazlitt was a very vital affair. It was, indeed, the medium which saved him for literature. Without it he might have remained a morose and frustrated metaphysician, a desultory and impotent pamphleteer. The riches of his mind might never have been diffused over the wide expanses of human life. We are apt to forget that Hazlitt's intellectual powers, and even his literary gifts, were fully matured nearly ten years before, by the grace of journalism, they found their successful outlet. He had done virtually all of his serious reading and of his substantial thinking before it ever occurred to him to adopt the profession of literature. His very earliest writings, if we do not stress his attempt to prove by metaphysical argument that men are by nature altruistic, bear the strong imprint of his individuality. It was no impersonal compiler who as early as 1806 had written the pungent notes for the "Eloquence of the British Senate" and the brilliant Character of Edmund Burke. Nor was it a mere tyro who had entered the lists against the formidable Mr. Malthus and convicted him of narrowness in his interpretation of economic forces and of an illiberal and mischievous conception of human nature. It is true that Malthus carried the day and Hazlitt's criticism passed almost unheeded, but if anyone will take the trouble to turn to Hazlitt's "Reply" he may be surprised to find how much more consonant with the economic theories and facts of the present day Hazlitt's ideas are than those of Malthus, and he will understand why a writer in the "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences" speaks of his pamphlet as a serious contribution to the discussion.

"Downright passion, unconquerable prejudice, and unaffected enthusiasm are always justifiable," says Hazlitt in one of the early notes of the "Eloquence of the British Senate." In all his writings at this stage one finds the same boldness, the same confidence in the rightness of his opinions, the same fervor and intensity, the same arresting form of statement which appear in his later journalistic

* *THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by P. P. Howe after the edition of A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover. London: J. M. Dent & Sons.* 1934. 21 *vols.* 15 *guineas.*

This Week

FOR THIS HAVE POETS DIED
By MARY GOULD OGILVIE

EXPRESSIONISM IN ART
By SHELDON CHENEY
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By F. S. C. NORTHROP

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work and which are commonly regarded as peculiar to that mode of writing. But these qualities got him nowhere as far as the public ear was concerned. The day of personal pamphleteering was evidently over. Without the authority of some recognized organ of opinion it was all but impossible to win an audience. The *Edinburgh Review* had transformed the shape of periodical journalism. By allowing a far greater latitude in the expression of opinion and by a policy of liberal remuneration it had removed itself to a safe distance from Grub Street, enlisting an order of writers who had refused to defile themselves by contact with its predecessors of the eighteenth century. Weekly journalism was affected by a similar ambition. Leigh Hunt and his brother founded *The Examiner* with the avowed aim of imparting a literary flavor to the discussion of political and social questions, and so created the prototype of the weeklies with which we are now so familiar. The miscellaneous "magazines" were not far behind in adapting themselves to the new models, and even the daily newspapers became infected with the spirit. This was the remarkable efflorescence witnessed in the second decade of the last century. Instead of looking for serviceable hacks, editors now vied with one another in searching for original, provocative writers, who commanded a vivid pen and could captivate readers.

The situation was exactly suited to Hazlitt's circumstances. The powers which he had lavished on fruitless philosophical speculation and on political criticisms, and which, not having the predilections of a scholar, he was not likely to exercise in any systematic form, needed for their true effect a medium somewhat resembling familiar conversation. Hazlitt was passionately fond of talk and has left us in some of his essays and in his book on Northcote conversations Boswell-like in their fidelity. Moreover, the versatility of his talents and interests gave him an enormous advantage. How many newspicture with equal facility tion? Who is there in that generation of prolific and skilful writers for the peri-

MILTON'S HOME IN WESTMINSTER
in which Hazlitt lived for some years.

odical press, the generation of Francis Jeffrey and Sidney Smith, of Southey and DeQuincey, of William Cobbett and Leigh Hunt and Christopher North, all of them in their day at least as conspicuous as Hazlitt, whose work preserves a vitality at all comparable to his?

The secret of his enduring appeal has been suggested by Hazlitt himself: "I think what I please and say what I think." Masculine thought when it is fused with glowing passion and expressed with uncompromising honesty is in itself a fair passport to posterity. The fame which Hazlitt courted was that "of a Pascal, a Leibnitz, or a Berkeley," and though it is not with that order of minds that he can properly be ranked, he was guilty of no arrogance when he said that he, too, had been a thinker. He earned the title by prolonged and intense concentration on every subject within the wide range of his interests. He never sat down to write anything without saying something of his own. He was often charged with a conscious striving after originality and brilliance. He answered, like his friend Lamb, that it was better than striving after dullness. Doubtless his avoidance of the banal and commonplace was deliberate. He justified it on principle:

> I was chiefly anxious that the germ of thought should be true and original; that I should put others in possession of what I meant, and then left it to find its level in the operation of common sense, and to have its excesses corrected by other causes.

He was not only a conscientious thinker, he was also a stubborn thinker. The remarkable tenacity with which he clung to his early convictions may be viewed as a sign of arrested growth or as proof of indomitable integrity. That he was free from prejudice he would have been the last person to pretend. But he might have argued that the line which separates prejudice from principle is barely visible to the critical eye. And was it not the saving grace of his own prejudices that he was at all times conscious of them? That is why he was able to pierce through the mists of personal dislike and to be surprisingly just to the intellectual and literary powers of men whose characters or principles he detested. To be sure he once ruefully repented of having "in a fit of extravagant candor" done justice to Burke (from whom he had learned to attach a philosophical value to prejudice), and of having betrayed a cause by praising an enemy. But as a general thing the moments of partisan rancor are mitigated by a spirit of fair play. His dislike of the schematic utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham and his strong sense of the spiritual limitations of that social philosopher did

ism of Godwin, who did not allow enough for human weakness, and he was indignant at the pessimism of Malthus, who made too much capital out of human weakness, but in the end he accorded a measure of justice to both men and made good his claim to intellectual honesty.

Consistency is not regarded as one of the major virtues in a thinking man. We no longer censure Wordsworth and Coleridge for changing their political opinions. We place a higher value on mental flexibility and aptitude for growth. These are not attributes which we associate with Hazlitt. But the implication that his lifelong adherence to early ideas was a symptom of wilful obstinacy or of an incapacity to learn from experience is quite unfair. It fails to take into account the nature and quality of these ideas and their relation to the movement of events in his time. The fact is that Hazlitt was surprisingly precocious in maturing his judgments and in attaining his intellectual balance. At the impressionable age of fifteen or sixteen, when all sorts of dazzling hopes for the rebirth of society were beguiling the idealistic youth of Europe, in the very years when the much older and more experienced Worsdworth had yielded to the blandishments of Godwinian anarchy, Hazlitt was painfully and systematically working out an argument on the limits of an individual's freedom in an orderly society. Sensitive as he was to the prevailing currents of revolutionary doctrine, fervently as he believed in and desired a renovation of the foundations of government, he held his sympathies and his wishes critically and sanely in check. Always a radical, he never associated himself with any party or committed himself to any shibboleth or fixed program of reform. He was as far as possible from the narrowness of the doctrinaire or fanatic. He swore loyalty only to the basic and vital principles of liberty and humanity. In the steadfastness with which he adhered to these articles of his faith there is something of the heroic. With bitterness he saw the work of the Revolution apparently overthrown and

WILLIAM HAZLITT
From the charcoal drawing by Bewick.

the detested Bourbons restored to power. But he prophesied that Frenchmen would repent of the Restoration, and he lived just long enough to see the royal family expelled for a second time. In his own generation he was vindicated.

We know to what an assault the principles which he espoused are being subjected at the present time. Other gods than his have established themselves in large portions of the once civilized world. But it is not at all clear that his battle has been lost. His language is still intelligible to many who continue to put a value on the freedom of the human spirit, and perhaps comes home to them with a greater thrill than it had for his contemporaries. More than ever the world now needs the conviction that there is such a thing as an impartial reason and an enlightened intelligence capable of guiding the behavior of the multitude. Mr. Harold Nicolson recently observed that for immediate, as distinct from

interests

liken common sense and judgment as any other class of the community and that their judgment would not be improved by being altogether denied its exercise.

> It is an absurdity [he declares] to suppose that there can be any better criterion of natural grievances, or the proper remedies for them, than the aggregate amount of actual, dear-bought experience, the honest feelings and heartfelt wishes of a whole people, informed and directed by the greatest power of understanding in the community, unbiased by any sinister motive.

That is not only stating the case for democracy but defining the issue between a free and a servile existence. This is the issue that is now engrossing the attention of men, perplexing the heads of many, and filling their hearts with anxiety. Those who need a strengthening of their faith in the possibility of preserving or even enlarging the sphere of human freedom will find a tonic in the writings of William Hazlitt. They will find in him something more than a defense of political equality as a good in itself. It was his intense realization of the scope for happiness afforded by life that made the freedom to enjoy it seem so desirable to him. The rights of man were to him no abstract principle but a passionate feeling, a feeling that still glows through the distance of a hundred years.

With the issuance of the final volumes of this edition the collection of Hazlitt is really complete, being the result of a thorough search of all the periodicals to which he is at all likely to have contributed. It incorporates not only the Life of Napoleon and those articles first identified by Mr. Howe and issued by him in the two volumes of "New Writings," but a quantity of other scattered matter previously known to be by Hazlitt, and a number of essays, including a few of high value, which are here attributed to him for the first time. The recovery from the *Edinburgh Review* of the article on "Capital Punishments" (vol. 19), along with a number of discussions of economic subjects from other sources, cannot but impress all students of Hazlitt, and will doubtless add a cubit to his stature as a thinker on social problems. To make sure of the completeness of his harvest the editor has placed among the notes whatever portions of his original newspaper and magazine articles were omitted or altered by Hazlitt when he put them into books. There can be very little remaining for future gleaners.

Mr. Howe frequently gives us a fresh text, relying on the last form in which an essay left Hazlitt's hand and utilizing to this end a considerable body of manuscript material unknown to or neglected by former editors. He is enabled in the process to provide a new set of identifications for the characters indicated by misleading initials in the famous essay, "Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen." His minute study of the bibliography of Hazlitt and of everything relating to the life and personality of the writer results in increasing and correcting the already very full knowledge of the subject contained in his own authoritative biography. What Mr. Howe has done is now done for good and all, and the writings of Hazlitt will hereafter have to be studied in the form this edition gives them.

Jacob Zeitlin, professor of English at the University of Illinois, is the leading Hazlitt authority in America, and the author of the recently published translation of Montaigne.

For This Have Poets Died

By MARY GOULD OGILVIE

"O do not think any more,
Who have pondered too long,"
(A voice may have said)
"These grey convolvular folds of thy mind
Are an accordion playing stale tunes,
Bundle it up for the dust and the moth,
Fling it aside,
Its tones insufficient."

tradition sweep on with the stream;
Resist not
The great cool flood of the water's
Omnipotence."

Upon the grey magnitudinous beach
Of the silence that lies under sound,
She emerged, the body and being of youth,
(Who can gainsay it?)
Pressing the sand with sensitive feet,
Lifting fingertips to still winds,
Her face to new suns;
Here poised the music that long had
evaded,
Bemused in this silence,
Enmeshed in its veilings.

She held it perhaps,
The still voice that she captured,
Cupped in wet palm,
Feeling its whispering tremors,
Seeing the beating cry of its colors;
But she released it,
Curious ("yet must thou penetrate")
To hear the soundless pæan of its raptures,
The ecstasy of its darting
Voluptuous circlings.

Did she hear it then, the first
Thread-drawn silver note
Of the sound under silence?
Was it beat, or breath, or less
Than breath of dust?
Through what strange valleys,
Misted and winding,
Swiftly convergent,
Did she pursue it?

We shall be long in knowing.

For those who tap that vein
At rhythm's source must die
And live, and die again,
To be buried in a new earth
(The granuled dust of all accomplishment);
Only they with body dissolved
For beauty's sake,
And spirit concentrate,
Shall hear
The unborn music of the seed,
Shall share
The marching melody of clod,
Shall bend before
The wailing passion of the dust.

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The Mystical Value of Art

EXPRESSIONISM IN ART. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1934. $5.

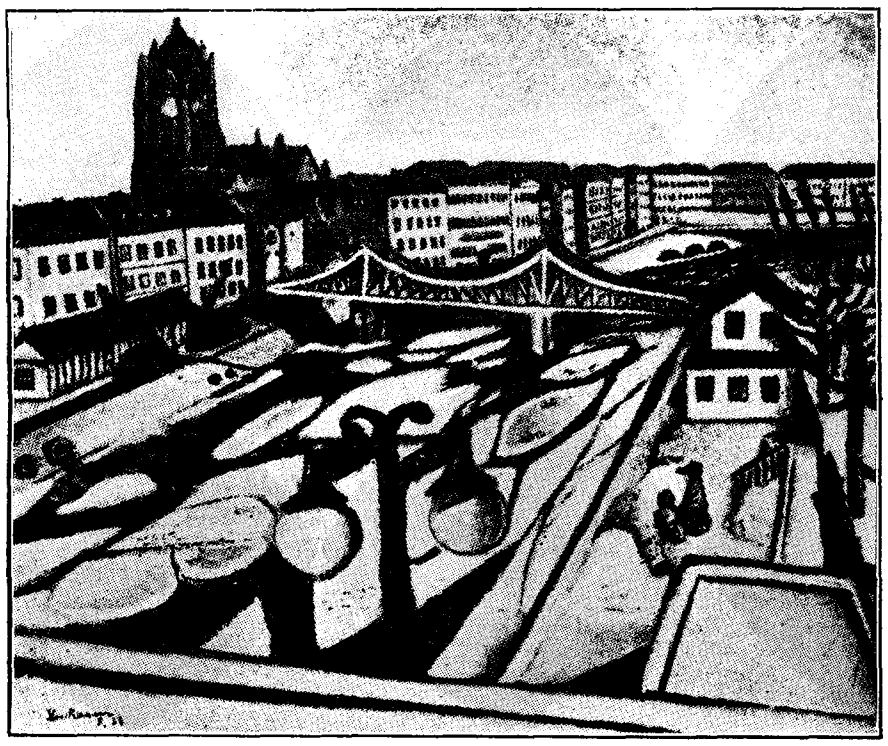
Reviewed by VIRGIL BARKER

AS Mr. Cheney himself notes, controversy over the art "movements" of the past quarter-century is being supplanted by discussion; in his own "Primer of Modern Art" he felt compelled to exhort and rebuke the unconverted, but he now feels more free to seek for some positive and unified achievement. Mr. Cheney has not written that balanced summation of a period which can be best composed after it is all over; his condemnation of the nearer past is still too indiscriminate in character, if less acrimonious in tone, and his enthusiasm permits him to overrate the work of his chosen expressionists. But he has written a helpful interpretation of twentieth-century experimentalism as not alone a rebellion against restrictions but in addition a return to vital sources of tradition. He defines his terms, avoids pontification, and does his best to escape the taint of system-making.

Very importantly his book differs from the other attempts of the past year or so to cover the same ground in its recognition of the mystical nature of art—for creator and appreciator alike. Where other books are intellectualist all through, this one is so only in the language by which it attempts to describe a non-intellectualist core of experience. Touching at the close upon other arts but dealing mainly with painting, its five central chapters deal with "picture-building." Here the emphasis is rightly upon the fluidity of the creative process, which can only be falsified by any set of rigid labels or a determinate succession of mental states, and upon the "energetics," or tension between form and form, of the resulting work. Unavoidably the language here becomes not easily understandable by the reader in a hurry; but, taken as tentatively as it is offered, it can profit the thoughtful layman.

Mr. Cheney wisely says that ". . . today perhaps no terminology is good outside the volume in which it is used." But any book as good as this is bound to start ripples and waves of critical verbalisms. One of these, if it becomes generally adopted, will prove a decided gain over current confusion: the substitution, for the many sectarian words ending in "ism" and for the inexact "modernism," of "expressionism." Mr. Cheney backs his choice by good authority, by a certain degree of established usage, and by sound argument. For him it covers all the recent radicalisms except futurism and surrealism; and to this reviewer the word appears adequate to them also as concerns their intent. This move in the direction of accurate simplification makes all the more deplorable what may prove to be a still more influential mistake: the choice of "realism" for the label inclusive of all that is antagonistic to expressionism. The former is too valuable a word to be wasted on unintelligent academicism and the mere imitation of appearances. Correctly elaborated, that word could be made to designate the fundamentally life-communicating quality of all great art. The thing for which it properly stands is an affair of depth and intensity of perception. Cézanne himself seems to have had this sort of thing in mind when he talked of "realizing"; and at least some of Mr. Cheney's mystic form-seekers could be truly praised as realists of spiritual exploration. But, of course, if a reviewer desires to rectify another's book to this sweeping extent, he should write his own book against the field; and this reviewer regretfully acknowledges Mr. Cheney's right to his own definitions.

Any book on expressionism designed for the layman requires particular care in illustration. The numerous examples here given, especially from the ancestors of the movement, do much to make the book serviceable to art in general. But they are too often blurred by being reproduced from other illustrations and too often printed overly black—both defects which work special injustice to the most typical expressionistic works. They are likely to confuse those who have not yet learned the imaginative translation of mere black-and-whites into the medium of colored pigment.



ICE FLOES. *By Max Beckmann. (Courtesy of J. B. Neumann.) Reproduced from "Expressionism in Art."*

Exterminator of Humbugs

PASSING JUDGMENTS. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by RANDOLPH BARTLETT

OF all the productions of the American theatre, the most diverting and not the least important is George Jean Nathan. Only the ocular proof of his existence refutes the suspicion that he was invented by the theatre managers to make their activities seem worthy of intelligent consideration.

Of all subjects upon which writing fellows bestow their attention, there is none over which such a vast flood of perpetual pish-posh is poured. The obvious reason is there is so little in the theatre of today to inspire real literary effort, that the astute and highly paid gentlemen of the press protect their jobs by engaging in personal exhibitionism, which is usually more diverting than the nominal subject itself.

Yet here at hand is the twentieth Nathan book in about as many years,

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

nearly all devoted to essays bearing more or less directly on the stage. Everybody knows there is not that much to be said about the theatre, that is worth saying. There is hardly a subject in the world which cannot be exhausted in a fraction of this space. The explanation is that a good deal of the time, Nathan is not actually writing about the theatre at all. What starts out as a discussion of the shapeliness of the girls in the latest revue is just as likely as not to amble off into an analysis of the influence of the polyphonic art of the Spanish vihuelistas upon the compositions of Bach, or to an exposition of the incapacity of the French for self-government.

"Passing Judgments" is that kind of book. Nimbly skipping from low and raffish humor to scholarly analysis, it is a literary vaudeville for persons of catholic taste. Nathan never tries to deceive either himself or his reader as to the intrinsic value of the theatre. His attitude toward it is that of the fond father of an idiot child, deformed and vicious, who refuses to send it to an institution because it once uttered a sound that was vaguely recognizable as "Daddy."

Let the theatre display the least symptom of intelligence, either in acting or writing, or even in management, and Nathan yanks out all the stops of his organ and blares a Marche Triomphale, fortissimo. The next moment he may be thwacking even his friend Eugene O'Neill, but his glee in discovering something he can praise is almost pathetic. He is anxious to like the theatre, but not to the point of sacrificing his intellectual integrity.

The one thing he seems to hate is humbug. The sure thrust with which he strikes to the heart of bombast and pretence is equalled only by the best matadors. One of the finest performances he has ever given in this respect is the six pages in "Passing Judgments" in which he deftly disposes of Gertrude Stein's theory of verbal sound and rhythm.

While the more spectacular flights of Nathan's criticism are his excoriations of bad management, bad writing, and bad acting in the theatre, he is not a pessimist concerning the institution. "The American Theatre of Today" is the title of a chapter in which he has nothing but praise and encouragement for the experimental producers. "The new American theatre," he says, "with all its ambitions and hopes, may true enough, for all its great step forward, be still far from the top of the celestial ladder, but it is climbing hard, and steadily, and unmistakably."

It is true that Nathan's ambitions for the theatre are much higher than the ambitions of the theatre for itself. Max Beerbohm, in one of his neatest essays, has explained why theatrical criticism inevitably arouses resentment. But it would be well for managers, actors, and playwrights to remember that Nathan has been studying their medium for twenty-five years, and to think of him as a friend instead of regarding him much as the Southern negro does the Ku Klux Klan. Still, most people are pretty human, and in view of the razor edge of Nathan's style, it is not surprising that the stage folk say:

> You might have been right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me downstairs?

No Blurbs Needed

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, SECOND EDITION UNABRIDGED. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1934. $20.

EVEN though the blurbs (a colloquialism adequately defined in this new dictionary) on the dust cover, such as "the most notable publishing event of the century," and "the greatest single volume ever published" give pause, a general survey of this highly important work produces a most favorable impression. Edited under the general supervision of President Neilson of Smith and an extensive and highly expert corps of assistants and advisers, the book seems adequate to every demand that is likely to be made upon it by all except the most-specialized scholars. It is particularly rich in new technical terms.

This second edition is a revision of the edition of 1909. As the general editor says in his introduction:

> Such a revision is far from being a mere supplementing by addition. The constituting of the vocabulary of the present volume has been a highly selective process in which the problem of discarding was second only to that of adding. Space has had to be found for so much that is new that the pages have had to be disencumbered of much that has become comparatively useless or obsolete. Yet, since the older literature will still be read, mere obsoleteness is no criterion. Many discontinued scientific terms may fairly be regarded as dead and may safely be omitted, but obsolete words in literature call for explanation as much as ever. In the decisions which have had to be made on such questions, no simple rule of thumb like the fixing of a date after which a word ceases to appear will suffice; much depends on who among older writers has used it. In general, words which had become obsolete before 1500 have been omitted, but the whole vocabulary of Chaucer has been retained. Occasional disappointment is inevitable, but when it came to a choice between a word used last by an obscure writer of the sixteenth century and an essential term in aviation, it seemed clear that the greater usefulness was to be obtained by explaining the latter. It is obvious that such judgments cannot be absolute; the editors have sought by consultation and accumulation of instances to reduce to a minimum the personal and capricious.

Thus scope and balance are both guaranteed and seem to be present.

Particularly valuable features in the numerous appendices are the synopsis of words differently pronounced by different orthoepists, and the pronouncing biographical dictionary which has been brought up to date with special reference to new American data. Webster's Unabridged is so familiar that it is not necessary in this brief note to go into further description, except to say that the work as a whole shows the results of a most complete and intelligent overhauling and expansion.

Marie Antoinette

THE MERRY QUEEN. A Historical Narrative of the Happy and Tragic Life of Marie Antoinette. By Pierre Nezelof. Liveright. 1934. $2.50.

THIS book purports to be biography. In reality it is fiction of the most florid variety. The publisher's challenge for it a comparison with Zweig's treatment of the same material, but such a comparison would be quite fruitless. Here we have the story of Marie Antoinette told with an intimacy of detail that is wholly bewildering—the flighty and lazy Archduchess distressing her tutors and calling down upon herself the lengthy maternal advice of the severe Maria Theresa; the mad, reckless gayety of a Versailles that brooked no restraints, not even financial ones; amazing conversations of King with Queen on the most delicate of marital subjects; and finally, done with a technique that ought to arouse the jealousy of Hollywood and send tittering shopgirls into ecstasies, scenes of passionate love-making between the Queen and the Count Axel de Fersen. From the historian's point of view the book is worthless. Admirers of glib romances, however, should find it attractive for its facile inventions and its giddy interpretation of "the Austrian" as a quixotic madcap, surrendering to one vital love.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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It Is Up to the Colleges

And still we ask, why do not college graduates—male college graduates especially—buy or read more books? For the testimony so far collected and published in these pages answers everything but the direct question. Men who have never seen the inside of a college crowd the libraries. This or that individual—a born reader—emerges from college with his tastes enriched and his scope broadened. But, the fact remains, the American adult men who have been graduated from colleges—from the best colleges—do not read books.

Can it be successfully urged that they have had enough of the "classics" to last their times? We should like to hear that argument developed! Can it be argued that there are no new books worthy of their attention? Nonsense! Is it true that the indiscriminate collections of blurbs which purple our advertising pages destroy their appetites, or mislead them into unfortunate purchases, not repeated? Undoubtedly, and we intend to take up this debilitating extravagance later; but the fact is no real answer to our question. If the publishers (unwisely we think) use shot guns it may be their game is swift on the wing of escape from anything that looks like a book.

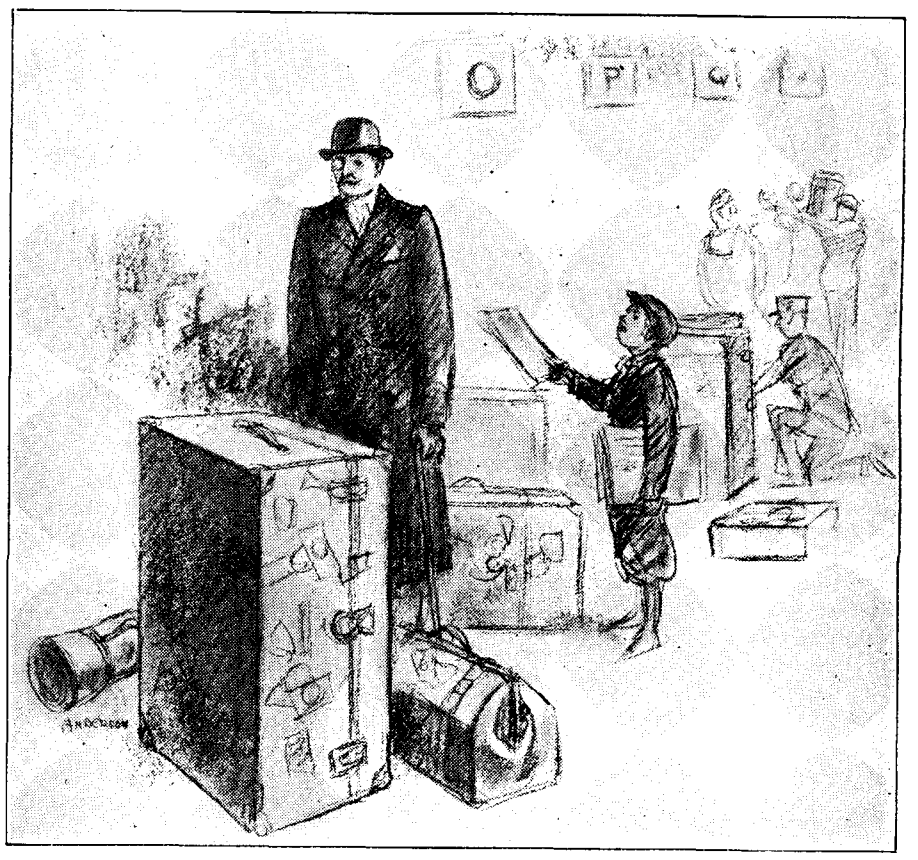
No, we repeat that there is a failure in American educational methods here more worthy of research than nine out of ten problems that engage the energy of investigators. For an education in reading (literature, history, what you will) that does not lead to continued reading, is an education frustrated and incomplete.

The English departments of our colleges and universities must take more responsibility for this state of affairs than hitherto they have been willing to assume. They have taught literary history well. They have given useful discipline in composition. They have succeeded with their intelligent students (who are all that count in this discussion) in imparting that immensely important sense of background and difference in culture which is one of the important results of good reading, and they have stowed away in the youthful mind useful knowledge of selected works of the great. They have seemingly made book readers of American college women, although it is by no means certain that the colleges deserve the credit. But the departments of English have emphatically failed with American men—with the intelligent, mentally curious men, for no one asks them to make silk purses out of sows' ears.

Does this deplorable state of affairs result from the very emphasis upon literature as a subject of instruction which was intended to lead to very different results? Is it the amount of forcible feeding for examinations which leaves the student satiated, sometimes nauseated, with books? If so, we might profitably go back for light to the experience of the classical college when intensive work upon Latin and Greek undoubtedly produced readers who took to the books in the vulgar tongues with intelligent delight. It may be that the teaching of English literature should be intensive, not extensive, focussed upon a few, a very few masterpieces, which would stand such labor without disintegration, and that reading should be guided, but voluntary, the tests therein being not upon pages covered but upon whether or not the reader had become a "full man."

Advice is, however, not our province, our duty being to point and wonder. The problem is up to the colleges, who must choose whether or no they wish the best reading class of the country to be the self-educated, who pursue in their adult years the wisdom and delight of books, while the formally educated will summon no energy to seek more than the little they already possess. And it is up squarely and definitely to the departments of English who, though not responsible for what the historians, the philosophers, or the scientists may do to potential readers, are certainly responsible for the reading habits of the undergraduate as much as for his knowledge of literary history.

There was recently sold at Sotheby's in London a hitherto unknown collection of 318 letters written by Napoleon to his second wife, the Empress Marie Louise. The correspondence covers the years 1810 to 1813, describes battles of the period, the retreat from Moscow, and the campaigns in France and Germany.



"ALL ABOUT YOUR IMPRESSIONS OF OUR COUNTRY, SIR."

Letters to the Editor: *Gabriel Wells Reviews His Philosophical Ideas*

The World Riddle Solved?

SIR:—A curious little book,* by an unaccredited philosopher, has made its unobtrusive, if not exactly modest, appearance some time ago. Being intimately conversant with the author's ideology, the notion has struck me that I should review the book myself, and submit the unconventional product to you by way of challenge to your open-mindedness.

The present review, it is believed, is the only one, except for an uncritical commentary, that has been accorded to the book which appeared under the pretentious title "The Riddle of Being." But, then, there is nothing surprising in that it met with such uncongenial reception. To be original is to be ignored or to be scorned. It took more than a hundred years before Spinoza, for example, began to come into his own. The great Kant was held up to ridicule during his entire lifetime. It has always been thus, more or less. The author was under no illusion about the presumable contemporary fate of his *Weltanschauung*. No new concept can be readily imparted to minds not adequately prepared for it. One might as well expect to be understood if employing a foreign medium of expression. There must be, moreover, a sustained intercourse between mind and mind in the joint pursuit of truth, in order to reach a clear, common understanding.

Odd as it may sound, the book containing a bare twenty-six pages is too long for its pretensions. The author as much as maintains that he is presenting an adequate solution of the World Riddle. Why, in that case, not just put the all-embracing concept in a single word, define it, and offer an appropriate illustration? In fairness, it must be admitted, he actually does all of that, even though with some variation and repetition.

What, then, is the word? *Tendency.* What the definition? Tendency is at once rest and motion—both in one. And the illustration? Anything you please—gravitation, radiation, aspiration. In fact, tendency is written all over the universe. If all things were not just versions of tendency, but modes of fixity, how could there be any intercourse, or what the author calls "interversion," between them, and consequent unity amid diversity? To take a typical case: Is not respiration a process of interversion: the inner turning into outer; the outer into inner?

Tendency is the ultimate! The ultimacy of a term must stand this threefold test. It must be simple; it must be inevitable; it must be universally applicable. The author confidently affirms that the term tendency fully satisfies these requisites. Tendency has, indeed, many names, one of which is life itself. But this, as all the other designations such as urge, desire, appetition, will, are specialized terms, not universally applicable, except metaphorically; and even so, but approximately.

Professor A. N. Whitehead, the distinguished mathematician and philosopher, avers with considerable emphasis that "process is more fundamental than reality" (meaning by reality, I presume, creation or product). So it is: process *is* more fundamental than product. Of course—but what is more fundamental than process? *Proclivity,* which is still another name for tendency, is more fundamental than process. Is not this entirely logical and plain?

Professor Einstein, who first held that space is finite, now intimates that it may be infinite. Under this author's theory—the theory of correlativity—, according to which all things are inherently interversive, turning into each other—space, equally with its opposite, time, is *both* finite and infinite. Space does not end, but merely *turns*—turns into its own true opposite, just as matter and force conserve their permanence by turning into each other.

Here is the author's formula:

Nature: Tendency=Existence
Method: Interversivity=Subsistence
Direction: Parity=Consistence.

And here the summary: The world is a spiral system of interversive tendencies.

While formally disregarded, the author has yet been favored with polite, sporadic commendations, in personal letters, from men high in science and philosophy. Some of these appreciations were interspersed with bits of criticisms. But how he craves full-length frontal attacks! He almost resolved, if I may be forgiven this indiscretion, to offer a prize for a refutation from competent quarters, were it in good taste to do so.

As just stated, some incidental criticisms the author did receive: One read: "Why homocentric?" Because all categories unite in man, as the apex of the world order. The center of the universe is not something topical, but integral—that is spiritual. Another: "Why *spiral* system?" Well, is not evolution a spiral process? Another: "Tendency from what to what?" The answer is: From tendency to tendency (from dust to dust, as it were). Versions of tendency come and go, but tendency itself persists. The world's work, in its infinite variety and complexity, is all done between tendency raw: nature, and tendency refined: spirit.

It is perfectly clear that to the author there is nothing mysterious about the universe. As he states in the Introductory Note, he had come near to making the title "The *Obvious* Universe." Really?

Are we, thus, to take the author to mean that all the so-named "Unknowables," the questions held transcendental and passing human understanding—as God, immortality, destiny: the whence, whither, and wherefore—are all ready to yield up their secrets in the light of his theory?

The key, he declares, to all the mysteries of the world system lies in the term interversivity.

Interversivity is the operative word, as tendency is the basic word, and parity (adjusted equality) the equative word.

Interversivity is that which makes the All-ness One—the universe.

Well, well! The author may consider himself fortunate to have himself written the book, as otherwise he would be in the same state of bafflement in reading it. He also seems to overlook the fact that men still find it more comfortable to believe than to know. Be it so, then. Precipitation is out of order in an eternal world.

GABRIEL WELLS.

New York City.

* *THE RIDDLE OF BEING: A Theory of Correlativity. By Gabriel Wells. Privately Printed.*

Education for Reading

SIR:—We have for some years felt keenly two problems in education. First, that the art of reading so that ideas and thoughts really register in the minds of students is a lost art. Phonetic values, the music and rhythm of prose and poetry, the detection of and emphasis upon key words in sentences and paragraphs—of such things modern students seem to have little knowledge.

The second matter is that English, a generally required course in all years of high school and college work, is about as popular with students as the Eighteenth Amendment was with Al Smith.

FRANK EDDY MADDEN.

El Paso, Texas.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

WEEK-END. By PHIL STONG. *Harcourt, Brace.* The story of a week-end house party in Connecticut.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR. By GEORGE FREDERICK HOWE. *Dodd, Mead.* A study of an inconspicuous President.

EARLY VICTORIAN ENGLAND. Edited by G. W. YOUNG. *Oxford University Press.* Two illustrated volumes displaying the Victorian way of life.

This Less Recent Book:

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By ELIZABETH. *Doubleday, Doran.* A charming story of English people on the Riviera.

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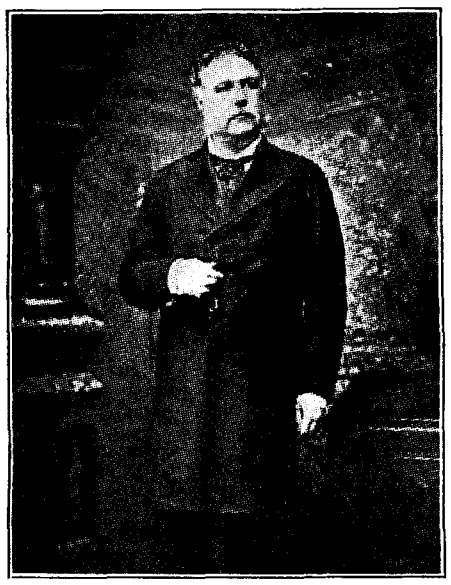
Gentleman Politician

CHESTER A. ARTHUR. A Quarter-Century of Machine Politics. By George Frederick Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

IT was generally conceded, even in his lifetime, that Arthur was a very much better President than the country had had any reason to expect. That fact alone, it would seem, should have made him an interesting subject for biography; yet only now, nearly fifty years after his death, do we possess a detailed and competent study of his career. Professor Howe has not written a great book, for he has not had a great subject, and certain limitations, perhaps self-imposed, perhaps due to the necessity of avoiding overlapping in the series of American Political Leaders to which the book belongs, are discernible in his use of background and color; but he has given us an able book, scholarly, thorough, and critical as well as sympathetic.

Arthur's connection with machine politics was a natural result not only of his



CHESTER A. ARTHUR

own convictions but also of the conditions which enmeshed Republican politics, especially in New York, in the years immediately following the Civil War. His first vote, in 1852, had been given to the Whig candidate for President, General Scott, and Professor Howe observes that he "was of the Whig cast throughout his life," but his anti-slavery convictions drew him into the new Republican party, and in 1856 he was "heart and soul" for Fremont. "From the start he was an organization man and a 'worker.'" When, accordingly, in 1867, after an interval in which he had shown administrative ability during the war as a member of the staff of Governor Morgan and subsequently built up a lucrative law practice, he attached himself to the Conkling organization, it was as "a firm believer in the necessity of such a structure. Unity was an absolute necessity if New York was to be kept in Republican hands; and such unity, he knew, could be maintained only by one dominant organization possessing leadership and discipline." Thereafter he was in the thick of the party and factional struggles in which New York politics excelled, but his honesty was unquestioned, and the intellectual and social tastes which differentiated him sharply from the ordinary conception of a political boss had already been recognized by his election, in 1867, to membership in the Century Club. He was conspicuously the gentleman in politics, and looked and dressed the part.

Arthur's reward for supporting Grant was an appointment, in 1871, as Collector of Customs at New York. The appointment, Professor Howe remarks, came under circumstances "exactly suited to his qualifications." In addition to honesty, which his predecessor had apparently lacked, he was in a position to "justify innovations to end dishonesty by pointing out to one type of objector that he was improving the service, while to another type, the politicians, he could explain that he was yielding to public opinion and so strengthening the party." Under the system that then prevailed, the office was politically the most important in the gift of the Administration outside of Washington. In 1875 Arthur was reappointed, but Conkling's failure to obtain the Republican nomination for President in 1876, and the subsequent election of Hayes, made it certain that the New York custom house would be investigated. Professor Howe, who goes exhaustively into the history of the long struggle, thinks that at the beginning Hayes did not intend to displace Arthur; but Conkling, who was ready to fight Hayes, the Cabinet, and the civil service reformers in a desperate effort to keep control of the New York organization, did his part, and in 1878 Arthur was removed.

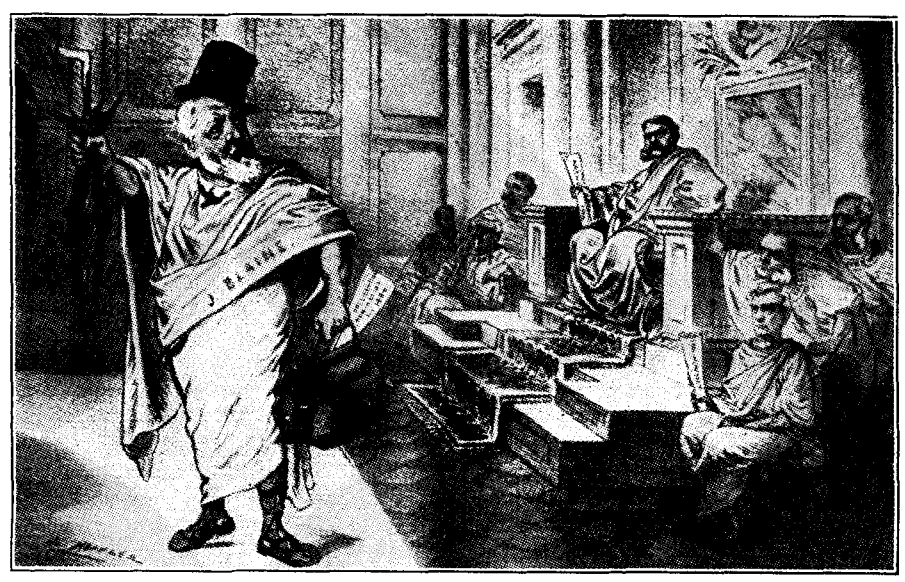
Arthur's nomination for the vice-presidency in 1882 as a representative of the Grant partisans whom the nomination of Garfield had defeated was "utterly unexpected by anyone," but "it is fairly clear," according to Professor Howe, "that the selection was made by his own New York associates, was the fruit of his close relationship to Conkling, and was made more with an eye to the future than to the past." The honor was won, however, at the cost of a break with Conkling, and throughout the campaign Conkling "played the sulky Achilles." Arthur, in turn, "unquestionably impaired his national reputation" in the interval between election and inauguration by active electioneering at Albany and an extraordinary speech at a political dinner in New York.

"Whatever remnants of popularity" Arthur may have had, Professor Howe declares, "were suddenly obliterated" when Guiteau, proclaiming himself "a Stalwart of the Stalwarts," shot Garfield and made Arthur President. How Arthur met the crisis, how sharply his conduct as President contrasted with what was gloomily predicted, and how his attention to the social obligations of the presidency revealed to Washington and the country "unsuspected virtues" is a familiar story whose outlines Professor Howe fills in, at most points, with appropriate and abundant details. The Cabinet was reconstituted, the Star Route cases were prosecuted, the veto was courageously used, civil service reform, the last thing that Arthur was expected to favor, was supported, and attempts were made to deal seriously with the surplus and its main contributing cause, the tariff. The "accidental President" was not strong enough to secure a repeal of the silver purchase law of 1878, but he could prevent new silver legislation, the banking laws were improved, and $400,000,000 was lopped off the public debt.

The immediate fruits of Arthur's efforts to modernize the navy, on the other hand, were disappointing, largely, it would seem, because of undue haste on the part of the naval authorities, but Professor Howe concludes that the credit to which Arthur is entitled was far more than the material progress indicated, since "the work of preparation had swept aside barriers of indifference and ignorance" and thereby cleared the path for future gains. In foreign policy Arthur's course followed in the main the American tradition save in the matter of reciprocity treaties and negotiations for a Nicaragua canal. The convention which was signed with Nicaragua, violating as it did a treaty with Great Britain which was still in force, is properly adjudged by Professor Howe to have been "thoroughly rash and imprudent." Fortunately the Senate did not act finally upon it.

Arthur would have been glad of a nomination in 1884, and in the Republican convention his support was second only to that of Blaine, but it was to be Blaine's opportunity and Cleveland's victory. Arthur "seems to have accepted defeat cheerfully at that time, but to have allowed it to rankle later." He promised Blaine "hearty support," although it was later charged that he had failed to give it. The charge "brought bitterness indeed," and Professor Howe notes that during the last months of his Administration he became despondent and "revealed more and more that he considered his presidential struggles to be unappreciated by the party which he could so easily have wrecked, and which, with such difficulty, he had held together and strengthened."

There is no doubt, as Professor Howe remarks in closing, that Arthur's character "has been misunderstood," and that "nothing could be further from the truth" than the comparison, for example, between his New York and Washington life and St. Paul's conversion. The ground of misunderstanding, however, was ample. There was no place, in the sordid American politics of his day, for the gentleman boss, and the union of the two in his person was incongruous. The incongruity was not lessened by the fact that Arthur, in adopting the common political code of the time for his own behavior, subjected himself to "three restraints: he remained to everyone a man of his word; he kept scrupulously free from corrupt graft; he maintained a personal dignity, affable and genial though he might be." A man with those characteristics was, in Professor Howe's phrase, "unique," and journalistic comment, fitting him into "mental frames" as varied as those of "pot-house politician" and "New York swell," could see only the need of reform "if he were to be an acceptable President." Professor Howe's conclusion that "the transformation was neither as great nor as necessary as it has been imagined" may serve very well to characterize the story which he has told in this notable biography.



BLAINE LEAVING THE CAPITOL—"I GO—BUT I RETURN"
Reproduced from "Chester A. Arthur."

A Stick of Dynamite Wrapped Like Candy

(*Continued from first page*)

by moves to better land and larger acres, finally settling down in Minnesota. The farm and the non-acquisitive routine had a hold of Veblen during the first thirty years of his life; his books must be read against that background of thrift and thoughtful labor. At first destined for the ministry, Veblen went to Carleton College, then a denominational institution on the New England pattern, and from there turned eastward where he studied, first at the newly founded Johns Hopkins, and after that at Yale, where he came under the teaching of William Graham Sumner. This was the heyday of Spencerian rationalism in America. The non-conformist conscience of Spencer, and even some of his philosophic anarchism, left a deep deposit on Veblen's later thought. But unlike the English utilitarians, Veblen carried the doctrines over into life; and some of his later difficulties in his marital relations were based upon his refusal to divorce belief and action.

At Yale, Veblen specialized in philosophy; and at various points in his development he threw out shoots which might have led to a career in literature, in philology, or in archeology. The concentration upon economics was partly due to Veblen's growing positivism, and partly to the education of events; for the eighties, when Veblen was idle and doubtless anxious about his livelihood, were years marked by great economic agitation among the farmers, by the "success" of the Knights of Labor movement, and by the sudden realization—abetted by Bellamy in 1888—that America had become so completely industrialized and monopolized that all the old shibboleths about its wealth of opportunities and its opportunities for wealth were, for the common man, sheer delusive buncombe.

Veblen's years of frugal leisure, punctuated by his marriage to Ellen Rolfe, were years of important incubation. His repeated failures to get a university post, and his general ill-health, partly, it may be, protectively neurotic in nature, secured him an opportunity for study and reflection of which an earlier success would have deprived him. For lack of such a period of incubation, periodically renewed, the bulk of our brilliant young scholars and scientists become routineers; a point to remember all the more today when the earliest honors in the academic world go to mere productivity measured in pounds of printed paper and acres of allegedly mathematical graphs. If Veblen did not finally escape what Samuel Butler called the academic "fear-of-giving-one-self-away-disease," he did escape that other bane of the academic life, the dread of positive originality. His colleagues were again and again to remark what a fine professor he might be if only he would become "regular."

At thirty-five, Veblen's long period of leisure almost had classified him as one of the chronic unemployables. To rehabilitate himself in university circles he entered the University of Chicago's graduate school as a fellow, and by doing odd jobs in the economics department he finally got an appointment under Laughlin to give the latter's course in American agriculture. Despite the fiasco of the World's Fair, Chicago was then, with Cambridge, perhaps the major intellectual center of America: its energy, its confidence, its untutored exuberance were manifest in the new architecture of Sullivan and Wright, in the new education of Parker and Dewey, as well as in its command of the railroads and the stockyards.

Within a few years Veblen found himself. In 1899 he published his classic, "The Theory of the Leisure Class"; and by this time the main lines of the man's personality and thought were established. A pale, proud man, with big bones and a weak physique, with a feeble voice and an extraordinary command of languages, with deep personal loyalties and an almost inhuman aloofness, in short, a stick of dynamite wrapped up in wax paper to look like a stick of candy—this is the man, Veblen. His books, in their combination of erudition and irony, of refined analysis and almost tortured understatement, with their austere surfaces and their molten flow of feeling beneath, feeling that bubbles up through the fissures in the thought—his books truly reflect this personality.

How shall we appraise Veblen's life and work? There are two men with whom Veblen's own contribution can be fruitfully compared: Karl Marx and Werner Sombart. Sombart's scholarship was more exhaustive perhaps than Veblen's, and the bulk of his work is more imposing;

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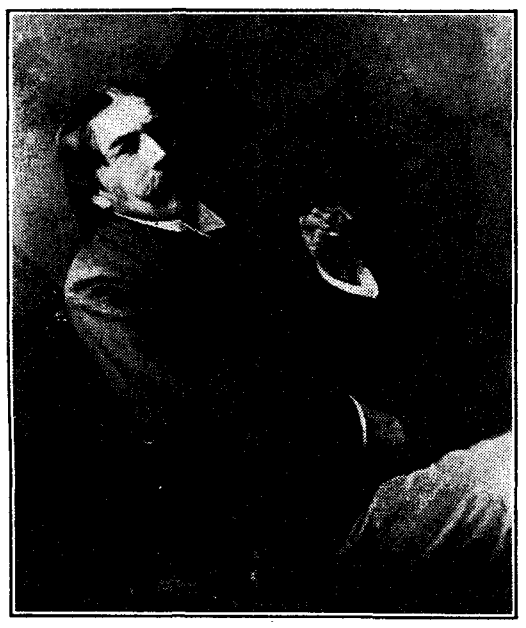
Veblen, on the other hand, had the more original mind. Veblen not merely introduced new data into economics: he also established a new point of view and a fresh set of evaluations. While Sombart was writing (during the World War) a lamentable little tract about *Händler und Helden,* Veblen was developing that brilliant study of imperial Germany which explained, among other things, how such perversions of scholarship as Sombart's treatise could come about. Veblen's thought was like an x-ray which penetrates a hitherto opaque organism and alters one's whole picture of its internal structure. Above all, he was the economic pathologist, who traced back to their sources in history the derangements of function and organ that are visible in our present economic order. No one knew better than Veblen the tumors and cancers that have eaten into the economic tissues of our civilization; and no one, incidentally, offered a better prognosis of our diseases.



THORSTEIN VEBLEN

It is in comparison with Marx that the weaknesses of Veblen's withdrawal and impassivity and discreet protective coloration come out. Here one wishes for a deeper interpretation of Veblen's personal life, for his shrinking from the biological tasks of maturity by avoiding parenthood may have had something to do with the arrested development of his thought, which never made the full circle from theory to action. If Marx made the mistake of overemphasizing the dialectical immanence of social change, as if history inevitably followed the pattern of Hegel's Absolute, Veblen made the mistake of overemphasizing the effect of external and environmental changes, and of making the role of the group the passive one of enregistering changes; hence he at times overweighted the educative effect of the machine process on worker and engineer.

Marx and Engels, with their faith in an organic world of thought and action, and with their skepticism of the sort of science that was conditioned by the inhuman industrial system of our times, were closer to human values—and so closer to a clue to human actions—than Veblen was. As a result, there was something flimsy, and even jerrybuilt, in Veblen's economic and political proposals at the end of the war, when he at last cast discretion and reserve to the winds. He was the victim of a lifetime's inhibitions: the dispassionate analyst who discussed socialism without ever once letting his students know definitely on which side his sympathies were, was incapable of building up a new center of faith; and for lack of it, he was forced back into a naive acceptance of the ideology of the engineer. He surrounded that acceptance, however, with judicious reserves, and he did not live to see it caricatured in the more juvenile schemes of the technocrats who proposed to cast aside the complex social and human elements they could neither understand nor control by their familiar methods.

Atlhough Veblen's personality gave his thought no implement of action, that personality is itself a very positive one, and the series of books that began with "The Theory of the Leisure Class" and reached a climax in his unique contribution on "The Nature of Peace" must give him a high place both in our general literature and in economics. It remains for us who have absorbed the essence of Veblen's thought to draw the conclusions, to make the plans, and to move toward the appropriate actions.

Lewis Mumford is a contributing editor of The New Republic *and a writer of distinction on matters esthetic and technical. Among his recent books is "Technics and Civilization."*

New Yorkers in Connecticut

WEEK END. By Phil Stong. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

MR. STONG has established his reputation as a trenchant and humorous novelist of Iowa where he was born and spent seventeen years on his father's farm. He has also been a Middle-Western teacher and a New York journalist. Now he has bought a farm in Connecticut and settled down there. It is natural therefore that his new novel should have Connecticut for background, as Stong is one of those genuine people who writes of what he knows at first-hand. The present story moves rapidly through several days of a week-end during which a houseparty of curiously assorted people works out various destinies. The people have been brought together by a hostess who, at the age of thirty-three, unmarried, is trying to find out just what she has missed in life and why. Flora Baitsell is a fine woman who has attached to herself a somewhat effete young man, who has played at being a big-game hunter, one Willis Craig. He isn't her lover, but she doesn't mind people inferring that, because she doesn't wish to be thought a dried-up virgin. She once nearly married Karl Huhn, who is one of the guests, with his wife Janet, who is superficial and infantile and pretty and cares most, really, about her five little pug dogs, "a flat-faced assortment of incest." Other guests are Bill Taylor, who drinks heavily, though bitterly brilliant and devilishly intuitive concerning human beings; Vera Leddering, a "good scout" and frankly out to get a husband; the quiet investment banker, Adam Jones, and the girl he picked up on the boat, a cagey and really warm-hearted chorus-girl who goes by the name of "Ginger"; Jenkin Mallory, a Southerner, who likes to think of himself as a Lothario; and the Abbeys, husband and wife and scientists, a very well-drawn modern couple, wedded not only by their love for each other but by their work as well, and significant of this day and generation. They are seriously academic and yet, underneath it, innocent and as devoted in their love for each other as two children. The others are various kinds of what one calls, for want of a better term, sophisticates; yet their essential infantilisms and their various ways of messing up things are beautifully brought out, all under the prowling and sardonic eye of Bill Taylor, a man of great natural abilities who is nevertheless hovering upon the edge of dipsomania.

I don't have to tell you, I suppose, that Mr. Stong writes well. Even in the servants of the house, the French cook and the Finnish maid, he creates convincing characters; and his quiet and sometimes unusually quick and subtle humor plays lambently upon the whole spectacle. There is tragedy in Flora's situation; there is swift, stark tragedy at the end in the passing of Adam Jones. There are reassortments of the couples, except for the Abbeys, who are distinctly in the wrong pew, yet learn much from their brief sojourn with the other presumable adults. Mr. Stong has all the occupational details of his characters' lives at his fingers' ends, and they are a varied group. He also knows his Connecticut as though he were a native. He is a highly intelligent man of swift observation. Nor is he a brittle writer. There is an element in his work of warm sympathy. His writing is crisp, and he can handle a group. I am no fisherman, but to me his elucidation of the various incidents of the men's trout-fishing, the morning after their arrival, seems masterly.

He cracks the veneer of New Yorkers and decidedly gets under their hides—of the type of New Yorkers who think they are intensely civilized and advanced. The comments of the red-head, "Ginger," on the group in which she strangely finds herself, are illuminating, without the usual smart-cracking of Broadway. Her *alter ego* is also deliciously presented.

Bill Taylor is not a character one easily forgets. Karl, to me, sometimes gets a little out of focus. And in the end? Jenkin delivers the last word, "I assure you that in six months they will all be unhappy again." They probably will. But meanwhile we have observed them under Mr. Stong's microscope, and I, for one, have enjoyed the process.

Gypsy Blood

THE LOADED STICK. By Naomi Jacob. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

IN reviewing this book one is tempted not to damn it with the praise it merits, but, rather, to reverse the model and praise it with faint damnation. It is a good novel, ably written, and as such deserves the complement of a more captious criticism than should be accorded a lesser work. For, since it is so good, it should have been better. The ease of the writing and the smoothness with which the material is unrolled makes one doubt that the author's reach has done full justice to her grasp.

The setting is on a farm in Yorkshire, and the story spans three generations of farmers whose lives are given up to working it. Always the land is represented as a jealous mistress, withholding her goods at any sign of neglect or unfaithfulness, and claiming all the attention of those who would possess her. The conflict comes when Jasper Howe marries a wandering gipsy girl whose heritage of independence she passes on to his children. The tug of the land is strong, but so is the tug of the rootless and irresponsible life which they inherit. In the end it is the land, with her stringent demands, that triumphs, but she proves herself a generous victor. After Jasper's daughter, Paris, has sacrificed love and companionship, and all the common joys of living, to restoring the neglected farm left by her father, she finds them again in the person of young Oliver Lewis, whose heart has been won by her heroism. The gipsy blood has been tamed, and, though the requirements of the land are still paramount, Paris is no longer alone in her task of providing for them.

NAOMI JACOB

The novel has great pace and does not falter in its movement. The scene is ably presented and set before the reader with economy of description. The characters are drawn with sure, clear-cut strokes. Perhaps, however, it is the very ease with which she handles her material that betrays the author into dealing with it too lightly. Her characters, though firmly drawn, are glossed over, their complexities simplified, and their transitions effected with too little effort. Miss Jacob's talent is so sure that she can afford to be more careless than writers of less ability, but one wonders what would be the product if she set herself to do full justice to it. Until she does she will probably continue to write novels which, like "The Loaded Stick," may, at least, be recommended as thoroughly competent fiction.

Portrait of a Barmaid

THE PLAINS OF CEMENT. By Patrick Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I AM genuinely fond of Mr. Hamilton's now completed trilogy of tragi-comedies of little people in London, featuring a public house known as "The Midnight Bell." This pub lent its name as title to the first novel, and the second, "The Siege of Pleasure," dealt with a girl who took to the drink too amiably for her own good. Now the third of the short novels gives us the romance of Ella, barmaid of "The Midnight Bell."

I suppose I am fond of Mr. Hamilton's stories because his humorous depiction of character reminds me a little of Dickens, particularly in the present book; and I derive somewhat the same enjoyment in reading of his people in their particular milieu that I did in reading of the earlier Mr. H. G. Wells's draper's assistants, and of "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly."

It seemed to me that in the first book, this writer got very well inside the mind and soul of a young waiter, desiring a little life, who fell in love with and idealized a girl of the streets. Now he gives us the complete train of thought of an appealing barmaid in the course of her courtship by an elderly gentleman she believes to be quite wealthy. There is not so much more than that to the book, though there are, of course, its minor climaxes, and the tragedy of the situation concerning "Bob"; yet I was absorbed in Ella and her Mr. Eccles.

Mr. Hamilton knows the essential hopelessness yet the pale aspirations of the stratum of which he writes. He knows their preconceived notions about life, their uncomplaining acceptance of the English caste system, their private self-respects and rules-of-thumb in regard to existence, their romantic flights, their fundamental decencies, and all their harassments. And while perceiving the tragedy latent in their lives, he can also write of them with a quiet but to me delicious humor. I hope he will go on writing about them. I am what they call a "fan" of his.

I should not call Mr. Hamilton a first-rate novelist—yet. But he has a style. When you hold his handful of characters up against the God's plenty that Dickens gave us, with his incredible fecundity of invention, Mr. Hamilton is nowhere. (Mr. Hamilton, incidentally, is a good deal more mordant than Dickens usually was, and he is not a caricaturist.) And yet this young English writer has made a worthy place for himself in contemporary fiction. He has been mentioned with a passing glance toward Thomas Burke of Limehouse. But he does not tend toward melodrama as does Burke; and so far his range is a good deal narrower. It will certainly, however, repay you as a reader to visit his "Midnight Bell" near Oxford Street and the Euston Road. Mr. Arthur Morrison never did a vicinity, or the inside of a bar, better than Mr. Hamilton. And, along with his portrait of Ella the Barmaid, in this book, Mr. Hamilton's portrait of the perpetually "What-what?"ing Mr. Eccles will long remain in my mind.

If you will have heresy, I liked this novel a lot better than I did "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." I think it more moving, and I am more deeply drawn to its main character, Ella. Ella, without knowing it herself, is really a most noble girl; and her amiable conversation pleases me greatly.

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The BOWLING GREEN

XII. Industria Peruana

I PAUSE here and ask myself awkward questions. What, of such jumbled memories, are most important to retain? And can there be the slightest value in such chancy superficial glimpses? The other day, a cold winter evening, I met by chance on Long Island a fellow passenger from the *Santa Maria*. He was no longer the bronzed vacationist, he looked pale, rather fiscal and downtownish. We spoke casually, of Guayaquil. "It all seems like a dream," he said.

And dreams are difficult to hold. What would an Ecuadorian remember of a day spent on our Long Island shore? And would it tell us anything helpful? If I should ask one small girl who was with us what comes to her mind she would say, probably, the burros and little black pigs running about the outskirts of the town. Searching my own skull, perhaps I find some special suggestion in those volumes of Dickens translated into Spanish. Or the crowds gathered along the Malecon as we went back to the ship. A parade was preparing; we had seen groups of children lining up to march with decorated floats. Señor Don José Maria Velasco Ibarra, the new president-elect, was about to arrive from somewhere by plane, and the town was turning out in his honor. For them also a New Deal was beginning.

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So this evening you are going down the Guayas River inhaling the musk of warm equatorial forest; the next morning you are at anchor off a barren coast of cliffs and sand with winter in the air. During the night you have come to that westernmost shoulder of South America (Cape Blanco) which with comely symmetry is so nearly opposite the easternmost bulge on the Brazil side. Just about there you meet the cold water of the Humboldt current. One of my unfulfilled intentions all autumn has been to drop in at Alfred Paine's Salt Water Bookshop and learn something about Alexander von Humboldt. You hear his name often enough along the West Coast. The swimming tank is quite a different place from now on. No matter how often you were told at home that August would be winter below the equator, in the swelter of New York and Panama and Colombia you couldn't quite believe it. Yesterday you were buying Panama hats in Guayaquil; today you're hunting for an overcoat or your warmest sweater.

The red and white flag of Peru is up on the foremast; rolling in a moderate swell, *Santa Maria* drops her hook towards a steep gravel bluff where a long barracksy bungalow is evidently the bachelor club the oil men have spoken of with sportive affection. (The Madhouse they call it.) Whatever you expected in your first glimpse of Peru (I don't quite know what I did expect), Talara is probably quite different. Certainly I had never heard of it before, nor had a good many geographers. I didn't even know that the great Peruvian desert (which runs all the way along the coast to about 30 degrees south) is rich in oil. In a certain atlas I have, published 1917, oil is not even marked on the economic map of South America. But Talara is a petroleum faucet and nothing else. The wells themselves are inland, invisible over the rim of the desert plateau that closes the view. Somewhere in there too, I was told, are marshes of pitch, used by Pizarro to caulk his ships. But by now the oldtimers on board are telling you so many good yarns that you are wary. The skipper has brought out the excellent old Bostonian anecdote about the man whose beans were cooked upside down; and the chief officer has advised you to watch the anchor very carefully when it comes up from the mud because once it brought up a gold doubloon.

I don't suppose there's a word in the gazetteer that has richer or more romantic sound than Peru. And it was somehow appropriate that in this chilly, bleak, ugly desolation men were obviously as busy as Pizarro in getting out wealth. Sandhills, pipelines, boxes of canned oil and gasoline going down a conveyor into a lighter; a big Danish tanker (*Anna Knudsen*) waiting to be filled. These small darkish men in overalls along the pier, running trucks of oil, stacking piles of cases, were they the descendants of the Incas? But it is better not to speculate on the ethnic map of South America. That way lies incredulity.

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Talara, a company town of the International Petroleum outfit, is evidently young and strictly business. Terraced up the bluff, with neat bungalows and surprising little green gardens irrigated on sand, are the homes of the officials. The native quarters are down below; there is a market there which some female passengers visited and returned with earthenware dolls and jugs and shrills of enthusiasm. I was content with a scramble up the hillside to a powdery plateau where one looked over the cold gray ocean. A big surf was creaming across the wreck of a barge. In a row of snug little cottages with flowers, kiddie kars and babies, International Petroleum wives looked out speculatively on the little group of tourists. The green funnels of *Santa Maria* must cause a twinge of homesickness sometimes. There was an oil man from Oklahoma who was going inland, to some of the wells, for a two-year stay. He looked a little grim about it, but seemed to be sniffing the oil-strong air with familiar pleasure. Certainly Mr. J. and his friends returned to the bachelors' club in a mood of jubilee; but then as accountants they would not be there long. On the hillside we encountered a whiteish dog with one haunch poised in busy friction. There, said the experienced Mr. H., is your first Peruvian dog, in a characteristic attitude. Nor is it only the dogs, as we had opportunity to learn later.

A look into the factory as we went by showed innumerable bright cans being filled with oil, boxed and stencilled INDUSTRIA PERUANA. This somehow amused me because I divined that even behind the busy Canadian boys who seemed to be running the show the really serious Inca was probably Mr. Rockefeller. It had struck me, studying the maps, that Ecuador is shaped exactly like a slice of mince pie, and I heard of some Northamerican Jack Horners who were doing an excellent job of plum-picking in that sector. The shape of Peru is different but certainly the plums are there. From the first crude glimpse of that extraordinary country, and with always increasing emphasis, the most casual observer is aware of its astounding possibilities of wealth. Even the bowels of birds have turned into cash. I refer of course to those islands, whitened with guano, which shine like icebergs farther down the coast. The steamers, with decent respect for capital, give those crags a wide berth and refrain from whistling, not to alarm the birds.

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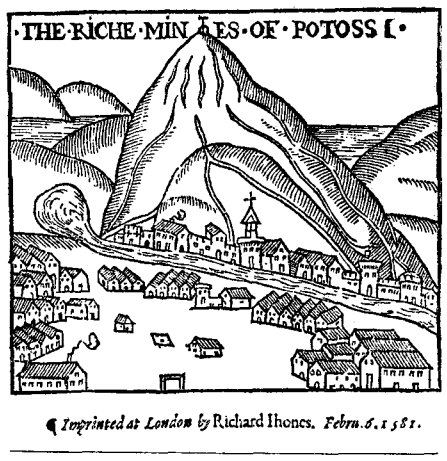
I do not often envy accountants, but those travelling oil-auditors must have an interesting job. They are in a very ancient tradition, too. There was a peaceable expert in figures, one Augustin de Zarate, a Castilian comptroller, who was sent to Peru (after Pizarro's assassination) to try to straighten out the colonial accounts. In so doing he found himself dangerously involved in the civil wars of the time, and had the good sense not to write down his full reports until he was safely home. As Prescott pleasantly paraphrases him, "those do wisely who allow their accounts of their own times to repose in the quiet security of manuscript, till the generation affected by them has passed away." So his history was first published at a safe distance—in Antwerp, in 1555; it did not appear in Spain until 1577. And browsing through an old catalogue of Maggs Brothers in London I find a facsimile of the title-page of the first English edition, in 1581. It shows a drawing of "the ritche mines of Potosi"; you must remember that the "Peru" of the sixteenth century included a good deal of what we now call Ecuador, Bolivia, and Chile.

No, the barrens of Talara are not beautiful; they are very different from my vague recollection of Frank Stockton's old yarn—was it *The Adventures of Captain Horn?*—which I think gave me my earliest notion of the Andean coast. But they are unquestionably rich; in the complicated web of economics I now realize that those very sands probably paid for a delightful and luxurious lunch I enjoyed a year ago with an oil magnate in Toronto. And if the great scheme ever goes through which I heard mentioned in Lima, of a new trans-Andean railway from Sechura Bay, Talara will be in strategic position. Students of the mountain contours told me that from Sechura, not very far south of Talara, is the easiest route to wriggle through the great cordilleras; by a tunnel 30 miles long (they said) the Andes can be pierced without going much higher than 4,000 feet. (Or something like that; I made no notes;


THE
DISCOVERIE AND CONQVEST
of the Prouinces of PERV, and
the Nauigation in the South
Sea, along that Coast.
And also of the ritche Mines
of POTOSI.
·THE·RICHE·MIN ES·OF·POTOSS ·
¶ Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones. Febru. 6. 1581.

don't hold me responsible.) If you can once break through those 150 miles you're on the Marañon river; which farther down changes its name to the Amazon. Once you've seen the Andes you don't talk lightly about breaking through them; but if I were a youngster with economic prescience I'd be tempted to hang around Sechura Bay and think about it. A Pacific outlet for the whole Amazon Basin!

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That sandy coast is not beautiful in a close-up, but it shows marvelous opal and tawny lights from shipboard a few miles out. As cold morning mist gives way to brilliant sun, mountains of unbelievable jagged shapes appear. The long beach abuts on steep lionskin slopes. Behind are range on range of fantastic notched and tilted cockscomb profiles in deepening tints of umber; turning blue and pink in afternoon. The whole dazzling shine of the Pacific seems fractured in prism colors on those horrific sierras; and then, behind them, disclosed in partings of crystal cloud, greater mountains still, lonely and appalling. Whatever you say of them can give no suggestion of their cruel and beautiful completeness. They give the passer-by an exquisite pleasure, because they are so safely far. With something of relief you see them fade into the dusk; you take to the smokeroom to practise your newly learned Spanish toast, *Salud y Pesetas!* More human, more encouraging, are the Peruvian lighthouses twinkling in the dark; you take a line between them, Lobos de Tierra to port, Lobos de Afuera to starboard. The Wolves of the Land, the Wolves Outside. Avoid them both!

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Navies of the World

SEA POWER IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT G. ALBION

WITH the approaching expiration of the Washington naval arrangements, this book makes a timely appearance. Less objective and less impartial than Mahan, Sir Herbert presents in detail the point of view which the British are carrying into the naval parleys. That view is frankly reactionary. Admiral Richmond analyzes—and regrets—the qualitative and quantitative changes which have taken place in the navies of the world during the last half century.

Part of the blame for Britain's present naval problems is charged to the phrase "Influence of Sea Power," popularized by Mahan with his first and greatest book in 1890. That phrase, according to Sir Herbert, induced several nations, which did not appreciate the real significance of Mahan's thesis, to build bigger ships and bigger navies than were really necessary or justifiable under the circumstances.

Mahan's conclusions were drawn mostly from the wars of the sailing ship era. Admiral Richmond shows that in its fundamental features, sea power has not changed. It still consists of keeping open one's own lines of communications for troop movements, supplies, and general commerce, while preventing the enemy from doing likewise. The instruments of sea power, however, have changed. The days are long past when nations fought sea battles with standardized units—the "seventy-fours"—which changed little from decade to decade. Richmond argues that the 10,000-ton battleships of a half century ago would still be large enough to fulfil all their necessary functions if no one had built larger ones in the meantime. The "bigger and better" mania, however, has pushed the size of the capital ship up to 35,000 tons or more, with little increase in usefulness to offset the tremendous increase in cost. The modern naval battle, moreover, is no longer a matter for capital ships alone. Flotillas of destroyers and other small craft are necessary to protect them from the torpedoes of submarines and other destroyers. All craft must also be taken into account, though Sir Herbert feels that they have by no means rendered the battleship obsolete. The cruiser presents a far more complicated problem than its early counterpart, the frigate. Altogether, the 1880's seem to be the last of the "good old days" in the eyes of the British Admiralty.

The quantitative changes seem even less justifiable than the qualitative to Admiral Richmond. Certain nations have built far larger naval forces than their "security" would seem to demand. The book is published in New York and there are no rough phrases about the Americans, but as one reads between the lines, Sir Herbert seems to consider us even worse offenders than the Japanese or the pre-war Germans. He questions why we really need what Wilson called in 1916 "incomparably the most adequate navy in the world." Our naval budget has increased twenty-five fold in fifty years, while the British rose fourfold. Every time another nation has increased the size of its ships or fleets, England has had to keep pace. Richmond argues that the proper basis for a proportional naval ratio would be to build up from the legitimate needs of the smallest maritime nation, rather than to build down from the maximum as was done at Washington.

The sincerity and logic of the admiral's remarks carry conviction. The volume contains much that is pertinent in analysis and fact, but the treatment is too repetitious. The presentation would be improved if the book were half as long and the material better coördinated. By no means the least interesting part of the volume is its attractive jacket, showing the naval bases of the powers and the principal articles of commerce carried along the main lines of sea communication.

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Codes of Church Law

CANON LAW. By A. G. Cicogani. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by DANIEL S. RANKIN

FROM the title no one could guess the inviting contents of this volume. In 1925 when its author, now the Papal Delegate in Washington, was the Professor of Canon and Civil Law at the Appolinare in Rome he published this book to satisfy the requests of his students for his lectures in permanent form. Two of his American students have translated the original work, and have added material provided by the author from data discovered since 1925. The translation is fluent and spirited.

The book has three well-defined divisions. Definitions and explanations of terms are in the first part. There is a freshness of phrase here that undoubtedly comes from the care and enthusiasm of a teacher writing of his specialty with restrained eagerness. He makes the reader feel comfortable in going over matters as strictly legal and technical as the nature of law in general, and of the origin of law, natural, civil, and ecclesiastical. Ancient and present-day use of terms is explained.

In the second part the distinction of the book is evident. A graphic and detailed history of canon law, with pen portraits of the careers and accomplishments of important writers on Church law through the centuries, furnishes information not available in any English work. The history of the "Collections of Law" is traced through three epochs: from the ancient codes to the twelfth century; from thence to the sixteenth century; and after that period to the great Code of 1918. On the compilation of this Code he speaks with the assurance of familiar participation. This entire part displays a rare combination of talents—legal acumen with historical insight in presenting the pageant of Church law in a style at once easy and appealing.

The third part is the most technical. It is an interpretation of every canon in Book I of the Code of 1918, with commentaries on practical decisions of cases that give vitality to the difficult topics. Its treatment leaves no question unanswered on this fundamental part of the Code.

For specialists in law the third section will be most important. For the casual reader or the general student the wealth of historical knowledge displayed in the second part will be the most attractive. To have the history of European affairs interpreted through its legal side is a new and fascinating approach to world events.

A minute table of contents, complete indexes of names, subjects, and canons, with bibliographies and stimulating footnotes furnish all that is desired of such effective equipment. Within the convenient limits of one volume English readers have for the first time a detailed account of the law of the Catholic Church through the ages. The publishers have spared no pains to make the book handy and attractive. They deserve genuine congratulations for the successful working out of their difficult problem.

You'll be arguing about the hero of this novel for the next twelve months!

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION

By

THORNTON WILDER

Author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Henry Seidel Canby *writes:* *"Heaven's My Destination* is an apologue of American life. Witty, shrewd, tough, rough, bawdy and sentimental."

Edna St. Vincent Millay *cables:*

"Heaven's My Destination is the best thing I have read in ages."

Get it at your bookstore—$2.50

HARPERS

Military Art

THE GHOST OF NAPOLEON. By Liddell Hart. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $2.50.

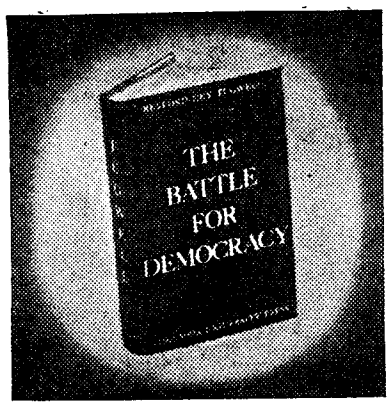
Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THIS book contains the substance, with additions, of the Lees Knowles Lectures which Captain Liddell Hart delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, two winters ago. Captain Hart is widely known as an authority on military science, and in this book, which is free from difficult technicalities, he makes clear for the lay reader the main arguments for his antagonistic attitude towards modern warfare. To do this he traces the history of war methods through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and shows, logically and convincingly, how one movement of military thought gave rise to the tactics and the strategy that enabled Revolutionary France to win its triumphs and gave to Bonaparte his early victories; how the other, based upon Napoleon's Imperial practice, "bears a direct responsibility for the ruinous cost and negative nature of the War of 1914-1918."

By the middle of the eighteenth century sagacious thinkers were stressing the importance of ideas which were to revolutionize warfare. Marshal Saxe had, both by his practice and, particularly, by the views set forth in his famous "Reveries," done something to clear the way for the new thought, but it is two lesser men who are directly responsible for the generation and adoption of the new methods. The first, Bourcet, was the "Organizer of Dispersion," as Captain Hart calls him, the creator of that system whereby a commander may separate his troops in order to cause the dispersion of the enemy, and then by deft manipulation bring his own detachments together for the attack before the enemy has been able to effect a new concentration. The other, Guibert, remembered principally today as the object of Julie de Lespinasse's passion, was the "Prophet of Mobility." In contrast to earlier authorities, he advocated an increase in the speed with which troops could be moved. Let the army move so fast that necessary supplies could be continuously garnered in the country invaded. Bonaparte, wise enough to adopt other men's opinions, applied these two theories, and the result was the conquest of Italy and other early campaigns.

As Emperor, however, Napoleon, with larger resources at his command, grew somewhat complacent and trusted less to the theories which had brought him success than to the bulk and heaviness of the Grand Army as he allowed it to develop. His fall may, at least in part, be attributed to this apostasy. But the real tragedy lies in the fact that the nineteenth century authorities, Jomini and Clausewitz, who between them dominated the military thought of their time, based their principles upon Napoleon's later methods. They worshipped "mass" as such, and directed all the weight of their teaching towards the building up of giant armies, massive and unwieldy, but so strong that, by sacrificing enough men, they could presumably attack and conquer any position. This teaching led, of course, to the *impasse* that resulted in 1914-1918—two impregnable masses, uselessly losing millions of men year by year, waiting for economic and quite unmilitary forces to end their vigil.

TUGWELL



The New Books

Biography

BLACKBIRDS' FIELD. By Victor Komski. Henkle. 1934. $3.

This young Montenegrin's story of his adventures in the great war and the two Balkan wars which preceded it, is calculated to give pause to those who dream of universal peace and hold that men fight because of the pestiferousness of their rulers. The reader finds himself in the Middle Ages, in a Balkan milieu which resembles that which Shaw had in mind when he satirized it in "Arms and the Man," amongst people whose humorless romanticism toward the subjects of "honor" and revenge seems a sort of combination of the psychologies of a knight in armor and an old-school Kentucky mountain feudist squinting down his rifle at a representative of the opposing clan.

Komski's uncle kills a priest toward the end of the story. The priest had fired at him several times as a result of a dispute over a stolen window-pane and so Uncle Misha bumped him off with the observation that he loved honor more than life and wouldn't "allow even God to shoot me three times."

When Komski himself, a young university man and a more sophisticated type than Uncle Misha, got back (in hiding) from the wild Odyssey of his fighting, sufferings, several imprisonments and escapes before and after the great Serbian retreat, he found that he could forge the receipts given by the enemy for provisions requisitioned during their advance into Serbia and get cash for them. For a time he did a brisk business in this way, becoming a sort of local Robin Hood, "soaking" the enemy and distributing largess to his family and friends.

These two instances are possibly scarcely fair to a narrative which reveals so much courage, resourcefulness, and fortitude, but they are nevertheless significant of the deeper implications of the romantic picture of a little nation in which all the ladies are slim, strong, and beautiful as stars, and all the men over six feet tall, fearless as leaping tigers, and ready to kill or make love at the wink of an eye-lid!

A. R.

Economics

ESSAYS IN OUR CHANGING ORDER. By Thorstein Veblen. Edited by Leon Ardzrooni. Viking. 1934. $3.

This collection of essays, divided into three parts—essays in economics, miscellaneous papers, war essays—embraces almost half a century. With one exception all the material has been published before. Without going into Veblen's ideas of ownership and wealth, in detail, it is interesting to note that he emphasizes that ownership and wealth are products of society, not natural phenomena. It would seem, therefore, that he would argue that society as a whole should assume responsibility for the distribution of the products of workmanship.

If we were obliged to sum up this collection of essays on economics, social economics, war and peace, and special subjects, we could do no better than quote from Veblen's article entitled—"The Army of the Commonweal," first published in 1894, in which he said: "The classic phrase is no longer to read, 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness'; what is to be insured to every free-born American citizen under the new dispensation is 'life, liberty and the *means* of happiness'." In the same article Veblen argues that logically such a doctrine would result in the "gradual submergence of private initiative under the rising claims of industrial solidarity." But he is "extremely doubtful" that any such sweeping change could come about. The point is, though, that Veblen emphasized the necessity of national direction of the economic system. This viewpoint is widely held today. Once more to use Veblen's words: "It is not an appeal to local self-help; it is an appeal to Caesar."

W. J. H.

Fiction

HUNDRED ALTARS. By Juliet Bredon. Dodd, Mead. 1934. $2.50.

Here is one of those books where every word bears its honest value of concreteness and contributes to an impression of solidity. Every word in it is necessary for the painting of its canvas, the widespread picture of a Chinese village, "Hundred Altars." It is drawn with simplicity and strength, and colored with sober truth in restrained, harmonious colors, clay colors and tones of dull blue and red. As Juliet Bredon writes, the village grows tangible and real, the peasants tread their fields with heavy steps. Even the emotions of these people have weight, for their feelings come out of fundamental needs, such as hunger and fear. Their struggles are with stubborn realities, childbirth and harvesting and drought. Miss Bredon has a great store of lore and knowledge to draw upon, which, we feel at the end, has still reserves.

The book, a chronicle, perhaps, rather than a novel, moves with the unhurried pace of the traditional Chinese life of which it treats. That life, unchanged for hundreds and hundreds of years in the village of Hundred Altars and bound within a strong frame of convention in itself, makes the form of the book.

The story is not focused upon one person, but surveys a group of families whose destinies intertwine. Its tone is impersonal and dispassionate, conveying a sense of the unimportance of the individual save as a bit of mosaic in the pattern of family life. The family altars and ancestral tablets are the pivots upon which life revolves. In this static life personal drama is subordinated. There can be only one great drama, that of change. Change comes to Hundred Altars in the shape of revolution and the infiltration of Western notions.

C. C.

TRUTH IS NOT SOBER. By Winifred Holtby. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

Of this collection of thirty-four short stories, an unstated number have been reprinted from British periodicals. The book has four parts, and each part has a descriptive label; these labels are, in sequence, Satiric, Exotic, Bucolic, Domestic. The narratives under the first two headings are much less effective than the rest, sometimes verging dangerously on stunt writing, sometimes approaching banality—and always a little cold. One exception must be made, however: "Earthquake at Geneva" (written in 1923) is a convincing study of a Japanese delegate to the League of Nations who maintains what seems to the Westerners a typical Oriental impassivity in the face of bad news from home.

The stories in the two latter groups are better; in contrast with the earlier efforts they have some ingenuity and subtlety. As a rather unlovely background for most of them, northern England, both rural and urban, makes itself constantly felt. The best is "The Gold Pavilion," a bleak and flinty narrative of boyhood aspirations frustrated in maturity; in general tone, rather than in any detail, this particular piece is reminiscent of Phyllis Bentley's

(*Continued on page* 426)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

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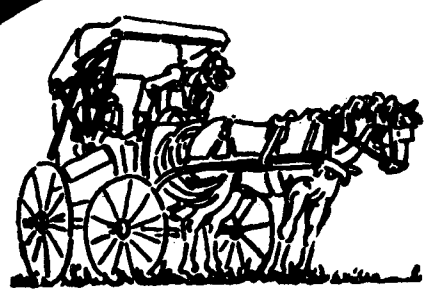

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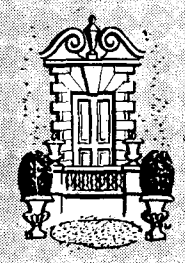

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GUATEMALA

A. S. A., of Centreville, Mass., *is interested in books on Guatemala, more particularly in those concerned with the old Mayan civilization, but also with general descriptions of the country and its present-day inhabitants.*

WITHIN the last two or three weeks there appeared from the pen of Agnes Rothery, who has written before on Central America, a volume entitled IMAGES OF EARTH: GUATEMALA (Viking). This is a lively and entertaining book, which sticks to main-travelled routes, and conveys fairly accurately the general atmosphere of the country. It is not, however, in any sense scientific, nor does it go below surface impressions. More concerned with the ancient civilizations, though it, too, is a popular travel book, is Marie O. Beale's FLIGHT INTO AMERICA'S PAST (Putnam), which records visits, made largely by airplane, on which the author strove to gather all the archeological lore she could. The book is lavishly and beautifully illustrated. Lilian E. Elliott's CENTRAL AMERICA (Dodd, Mead) contains about a hundred pages devoted to GUATEMALA which present a survey of the history of that republic, and descriptions of the land and the people. The Appleton-Century Company have just this year brought out a new edition of Harry Franck's TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO, GUATEMALA, AND HONDURAS, which, like all Mr. Franck's books, is an animated depiction of wanderings along highways and by-ways. In Arthur Ruhl's CENTRAL AMERICANS (Scribners) a seasoned Spanish-American correspondent sets down his impressions of Guatemala and Guatemalans. If A. S. A. wants a survey from a more historical angle she should read Dana G. Munroe's HISTORY OF FIVE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA, issued by the Oxford University Press for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. This is an account of the political and economic development and foreign relations of five countries of which Guatemala is one. For more strictly archeological material she might consult the brochure put out by the Museum of the American Indian prepared by Gregory Mason, entitled POTTERY AND OTHER ARTIFACTS FROM CAVES IN BRITISH HONDURAS AND GUATEMALA. The Harvard University Press has issued a book which might also interest her, SANTIAGO DE LOS CABELLEROS DE GUATEMALA. I presume that A. S. A. has not forgotten that Blair Niles's novel, MARIA PALUNA (Longmans, Green), issued last year, is the tale of a young Indian girl which plays in Guatemala during the days of the Spanish conquest, and that Rose Macaulay's amusing STAYING WITH RELATIONS (Liveright) lays much of its scene in that country.

SHAKESPEARE AND MOLIÈRE

E. E., of Edgewood, Pa., *has come along with what proves a poser for the very reason that literature in the field of her inquiry is so voluminous as almost to preclude choice. What she wants is material to help in the preparation of a club paper on a comparison between Shakespeare and Molière.*

Catalogues yield little in the way of specific reference, and the best thing for E. E. to do would seem to be to get hold of several lives of Shakespeare and Molière (preferably of Molière, since the comparison is more likely to come from his interpreters), and turn their pages in the certainty of finding allusions in each to the work of the subject of the other. Brander Matthews's MOLIÈRE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS (Scribners), for instance, yields such a statement as the following: "With unfailing fidelity he [Molière] depicts the social organization of his own times—which is precisely the one thing that Shakespeare never attempts, except casually in the MERRY WIVES." The NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, under the article Molière, contains the incidental statement, "There is no question that in the analysis of character Shakespeare, even Corneille, is more profound, etc." These are but samples of what may be expected in any discussion of Molière.

CHILDREN OF CHAPEL ROYAL

Could you give me some information [*writes* E. K., of Moorestown, N. J.] *with reference to the children actors who were so prominent during the time of Shakespeare and for a short time thereafter? I believe some of them went under the name of Children of St. Paul, Children of His Majesty's Revels, and Children of the Chapel Royal. Shakespeare refers to them as "Little Eyases."*

These companies of boy choristers enjoyed great popularity during the sixteenth century and in the beginning of the seventeenth, not only because of the excellence of their histrionic performances but also because the plays written for them introduced songs and incidental instrumental music. They constitute an important episode in English literary and dramatic history. College libraries contain many monographs on the subject which embrace full bibliographies and references to comment to be found in general books on the subject. E. K. will find in volume six of the CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan) an interesting chapter entitled "The Children of the Chapel Royal and Their Masters" which quotes from contemporary documents, and goes into considerable detail, naming some of the choristers and those who prepared the plays for them. The University of Nebraska published in 1908 THE CHILDREN OF THE CHAPEL AT BLACKFRIARS, 1597-1603, by Charles William Wallace, a volume which outlines the history of the company, mentions the different groups of children by name, and recounts various anecdotes of the companies' appearances before Queen Elizabeth. The first seventy-six pages of E. K. Chambers's THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE (Oxford University Press), also lists the names of all the different companies and presents a bibliography. H. Barton Baker's HISTORY OF THE LONDON STAGE (Dutton) has a historical sketch and information as to the plays by famous dramatists which were given representation by the children. Lyly at one time furnished plays for the Children of St. Paul's, the group which held primacy in the early days of the organizations. Hamlet, in one of Shakespeare's few allusions to contemporary matters, refers to the rivalry between this company and the Children of the Chapel Royal. Other companies that won prominence were the boys of Windsor, and those of Westminster School and of Merchant Taylors'. In 1600 Shakespeare and his colleagues succeeded the children at Blackfriars, but as late as 1662 a theatre in Barbican was established called the Nursery, for training boys and girls for the stage. This was somewhat after the style of the Children of the Revels. Pepys went to it twice, noting in his diary, February 24, 1667-8: "To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before, where the house is better and the musique better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so."

A NOTE ON AFRICA

Robert Hart Lewis suggests that the various inquirers concerning Africa may be interested to know that the Oxford University Press publishes a magazine entitled *Africa*.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Vedict*
THE SEVENTH MAN *Wilson Barclay* (Dial Press: $2)	"Watcher," master-criminal known to reader from start, finally killed by overwrought domestic.	Crooks of all kinds, male and female, low comedy, lower melodrama, gas-filled rooms, shrieks, shots.	Silly
DEAD STORAGE *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	Cleverly contrived killing of none-too-good New Yorker solved and slayer unmasked by debonair Peter Clancy.	Society rotters, dope racketeers, hashish farming, chases, lonely houses, fair-to-middlin' sleuthing, and grisly finish.	Readable
THE SPY PARAMOUNT *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2)	Various warlords bent on European cataclysm all foiled by Martin Frawley, international spy.	Rather more silly than most E. P. O. intrigue-yarns, but packed to gunnels with action and thrills.	Spine-tickler

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 424)

work. "Escape—Three and Sixpence" is a neat, almost sleek, study of desperation and attempted suicide.

As a whole, the collection appeals to the head rather than the heart. It almost never escapes a sort of textbook conventionality, nor does it progress substantially beyond the confines of the merely well made short story. R. B. M.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Sources of Culture in the Middle West. Ed. D. R. Fox. Appleton. $1. *Passacaglia.* H. Yudewitz. New York: Pilgrim House. $1.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Suttner of California. J. Dana. Press of the Pioneers. $3.75. *I Was Condemned to the Chair.* E. F. McGrath. Stokes. $2.50. *The Life and Work of Andrew Sloan Draper.* H. H. Horner. Univ. of Illinois Pr. $3. *Crusader and Feminist: Letters of Jane Fay Swisshelm.* Ed. A. J. Larsen. Minnesota Historical Society. $2.50. *Heaven High, Hell Deep.* N. Archibold. Boni. $2.50.

DRAMA

The Plays of Eugene O'Neill. Vol. III: The Emperor Jones; Ah, Wilderness! Vol. IV: All God's Chillun Got Wings; Lazarus Laughed. Scribners. *Pierre Gringore's Pageants for the Entry of Mary Tudor into Paris.* Ed. C. R. Baskervill. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $1.50.

EDUCATION

Enriched Teaching of English in the Junior and Senior High School. M. N. Woodring, I. A. Jewett, and R. T. Benson. Teachers College.

GOVERNMENT

American State Government. J. M. Mathews. Appleton.

HISTORY

A Short History of Sweden. R. Svanström and C. F. Palmstierna. Oxford Univ. Pr. $5. *The Third British Empire.* A. Zimmern. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.

INTERNATIONAL

Burlesque Bolshevism. A. Petersen. New York Labor News Company. *The Study of International Relations in the United States.* Ed. E. E. Ware. Columbia Univ. Pr. $3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sea-Power in the Pacific. H. Bywater. Houghton. $3.50. *Diversions and Pastimes.* R. M. Abraham. Dutton. $1.75. *Lord Oxford Was Shakespeare.* M. W. Douglas. London: Rich & Cowan. *What Happens in My Garden.* L. B. Wilder. Macmillan. $3. *Great Britain and the Cyprus Convention Policy of 1878.* D. E. Lee. Harvard Univ. Pr. $3. *Some Phases of Labor Relations in Virginia.* G. T. Starnes and J. E. Hamm. Appleton. $2.50. *You Are the Government.* J. Shouse. Little. $1. *The Beginner's Book of Stamp Collecting.* S. Phillips. Dodd. $2. *Norwegian-American Studies and Records.* Northfield, Minn.: Norwegian-American Historical Association. *The Personal Secretary.* F. G. Nichols. Harvard Univ. Pr. $2. *Willingly to School.* Round Table Press. $3. *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.* B. W. Segel. Bloch. 50 cents. *The Development of Capitalist Enterprise in India.* Macmillan. $5. *The Prophets and Israel's Culture.* W. C. Graham. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $1.50. *Poetic Experience.* T. Gilby. Sheed. $1. *Table Talk by Various Writers from Ben Jonson to Leigh Hunt.* Ed. J. C. Thornton. Everyman's Library. Dutton. *The Mission Bells of California.* M. T. Walsh. San Francisco: Wagner. *The Lady's New-Year's-Gift or: Advice to a Daughter.* Lord Halifax. Stamford, Conn.: Overbrook Pr. *Messiah Trilogy.* M. A. Eber. Chicago: Paul. $1.20.

PAMPHLETS

The Reading of Plays during the Puritan Revolution. L. B. Wright. Huntington Library. *Reconstruction in China.* Sao-Ke A. Sze. Chinese Cultural Society, 5 East 57th Street, New York City. *The Birth of a University,* E. J. Somerset. Shakespeare Head Press. *Prosperity by Freedom and Democracy.* S. W. Simpson. New York: Simpson, 1165 Broadway. 10 cents.

RELIGION

Modern Trends in World-Religions. Ed. A. E. Haydon. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $2.50. *The Layman's New Testament.* Ed. H. Pope. Sheed. $1.50. *Pilgrim Paul.* Walther Eichmann. Eichmann, 446 Twenty-first Street, West New York, N. J. *Christ and Evolution.* G. A. Barton. Univ. of Pennsylvania Pr. $2.

REPRINTS

Prose and Poetry. H. Heine. Everyman's Library. Dutton. *Critique of Pure Reason.* I. Kant. Everyman's Library. Dutton. *Poems.* J. Dryden. Everyman's Library. Dutton. *Short Stories.* G. de Maupassant. Everyman's Library. Dutton. *The Golovlyov Family.* N. E. Shehedrin. Everyman's Library. Dutton. 75 cents.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins.

Homage to Anthony Trollope

A. EDWARD NEWTON'S Christmas booklets are among the most sought-for printed trinkets of our day. The curve of their scarcity follows in general the sequence of their dates—the earliest are next door to unobtainable, the later moderately easy of acquisition. But even those of the 30's by which era Mr. Newton, unlike most enterprises of the period, was in the full tide of production, are not always procurable at an instant's notice, and the commonest is currently quoted at as much as a box of better-than-indifferent cigars.

The newest Newton Christmas booklet, however, is available at a figure well within the reach of the most humbly-endowed disciple. It is called "The Trollope Society," and its title-page carries this notice:

> The purpose of this little pamphlet is to secure members who will sponsor the publication of a much-needed, complete, legible, inexpensive, and uniform edition of the novels and tales of one of the greatest of the Victorians — Anthony Trollope.

The foreword explains further:

> It has been my custom, lo, these many years to print a small number of little blue pamphlets and give them to my friends at Christmas. This pamphlet is especially designed for my friends but it is also intended to serve another purpose. Unlike the others, it will be sent to any person, upon receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps, who might like to join with me in honoring Anthony Trollope, and I particularly ask MY friends to send me the names and addresses of THEIR friends with a view to securing members for the Society and contributors to the fund which I have set out to raise.

There follows a transcript of a letter which Mr. Newton addressed last June to "a few Trollopeans" outlining a publication program. I do not purpose to quote the entire booklet (most of which is devoted to an at times rhapsodic appreciation of Trollope), but this much of the letter is essential in order to make plain the fiduciary data:

> It is my intention to ascertain what sum will be required by some first-class publisher who will guarantee the publication of all (Trollope's) novels and tales. To raise the required amount it is proposed to accept sums (not less than $5.00) for membership in the Society which shall exist until its purpose is achieved. Most of the novels will pay their own way; all should, nevertheless, be published. There is today no complete and uniform edition of Trollope and some of his books are now practically unobtainable.
>
> The sum subscribed will be evidenced upon a card of membership signed by the undersigned. This will be the only payment required. A complete list of members should be published in a final volume which will contain biographical and bibliographical essays by recognized authorities.

The new society is not attempting to impress on society in general the conviction that anyone not owning a set of Trollope is by that token consignable to an institution for the feeble-minded. The hideous locution "set," indeed, is nowhere used. A set of Trollope? That way madness lies, and very little room to go mad in. No one of Trollope's sixty-eight books is anything like so exiguous as a Newton Christmas booklet. Most of them, rather, are of a Dreiserian amplitude. Moreover, of the sixty-eight units (excluding issues in parts as such, but including the original appearances of the same novels in cloth), twenty-two were first issued as single volumes, twenty-five as double-deckers, twenty as three-deckers, and one as a four-decker—a grand total of 136 volumes. Several classical survivals from the three-decker era (witness early Gissing and Hardy titles) are readily compressible into single twelvemos, but with Trollope a three-decker meant three good, beefy volumes.

I have never discussed with the editor of this publication whether it was within the purview of this department to endorse a project of this sort and amplitude, but I am sending five dollars to A. Edward Newton, 501 North 19th Street, Philadelphia, and not altogether just to get my name in that final volume, where, however, it will be in excellent company.

Sports Department

What a wealth of collector hints are contained—barely contained—in Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Quotations"! It is matter for regret that the compiler was unable to include more bibliographical data, but there are, after all, limits to what one has room for in assembling a super-omnibus of xlii plus 2606 pages. The collection of books that enshrine noble and even ignoble apothegms is no new endeavor, and the Stevensonian *tour de force* will lend impetus to it.

One of this season's popular parlor recreations—it already has its devotees—will be the game of Not In Stevenson. Playing it solitaire the other evening, I was delighted at failing to find Margaret Fuller's (wasn't it?) "I accept the universe," with or without the Carlylean rejoinder of "Gad, she'd better." In seeking (in vain) for the first employer of "when hell freezes over" I was pleased to note that Ben Jonson, Thomas D'Urfey, Milton, and Browning had caused hell to break loose. Here is Sunny Jim, but where is sunny France?

It is regrettable to find the perfect appositeness of the Herodotus inscription on the New York Postoffice marred by the omission of the two words that form the most effective phrase in that two-block-long carving. This department, by the way, will soon publish an entertaining exegesis on this inscription which is being prepared by a New York bookseller.

Another Stevensonian pastime can perhaps be developed out of this suggestion, constructed somewhat on the pattern of the ancient *sortes Vergilianae*. Think of a famous date in history, turn to the corresponding page in Stevenson, and see if any quotation on that page carries any coincidental application to the event the date memorializes.

Double-Crostics: Number 42

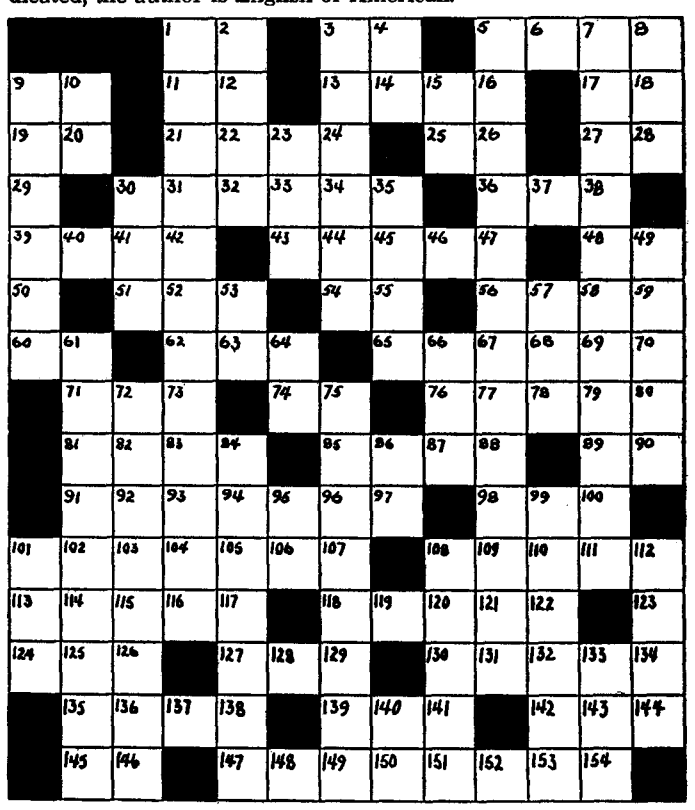
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 96-47-71-3-116-104. A famous journey to Medina.	_ _ _ _ _ _
II. 9-79-72-46-62-110-51-88. A fifteenth century play.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 40-100-109-21-80-52. Situated underneath.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 143-64-48-77-31-127-4. Play by Victor Hugo.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 139-111-33-95-99. Quality of early life.	_ _ _ _ _
VI. 151-45-22-84. To suppose, consider.	_ _ _ _
VII. 142-70-85-108-101-124-154. A member of a legation.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 15-54-81-25-150-98-29. To invalidate.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 132-5-83-20-56-148-37. Pertaining to Spain.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 61-23-105-43-152-67. Famous English scientist.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 11-28-87-133-137-123-63-145-129. Deathlike.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 114-78-121-24-42-1-57-134. To deceive.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 69-113-44-74-141-30-82-50-153. Constellation.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 10-117-58-106-16-126. To buy back; make good.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 97-75-131-36-68-60. Constituent of natural gas.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 66-91-53-107-38-59-119-146. City in Scotland.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 19-26-76. Character in "The Faerie Queene."	_ _ _
XVIII. 102-12-122-144-112-135-49-55-27. English chinaware.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 103-7-94. Seventh brightest star of a constellation.	_ _ _
XX. 130-13-92-32-8-2-120-115. To choke, suppress.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 138-41-147-128-140-73-65-86. Excellent (colloq., compound).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 93-17-6-34. Viewed, observed.	_ _ _ _
XXIII. 149-18-90-39. European corvine bird.	_ _ _ _
XXIV. 35-136-125-118-14-89. Fifth month of Jewish calendar.	_ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 41)

MRS. E. B. BROWNING—"MY KATE"

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus began New Year drinking sherry, having his skates sharpened. Pinguid as he is, still hopes to cut a few Figure 8's on the frozen pond. Isn't an 8 laid sideways mathematical symbol for Infinity? ☞Space meagre these days, cultivate brevity. Unlike radio announcer Rose Bowl Game who never said *The ball did not touch the ground* but always *The ball did not effect contact with the greensward.* ☞Why do the movies, trying to be tony, always pronounce cognac *cone-yack*? ☞Best wine tasted this year a demi of Chassagne-Montrachet, 1926, at the Harvard Club where Old Q. was a guest. Given his choice, he voted for the Chassagne (near Beaune) because that's where Jo Davidson the sculptor gets very fine stone for busts. ☞Very pleased to see *Via Mala* by John Knittel (Stokes), Swiss novel of solid power and worth, well received by shrewd critics. Don Gordon of the American News Co. remarks "Its publishers will be safe in throwing many thousands into the advertising pot." ☞Q's thought throughout this melodramatic tale was, what a movie. ☞C. P. Everitt of Dauber & Pine's bookstore was so steamed up by reading the MS of *Heaven High-Hell Deep* by Norman Archibald (a book about aviation in the War, coming Jan. 15) that he dehatted himself publicly in the new D. & P. catalogue.

☞With all the rumblebumble about Montaigne old pettifogging Quercus often wonders how many people actually read him. ☞The Crimson Tide (not a Football Team) would mount high on many a damask cheek if that should happen. ☞His calm and prodigious candor always seems to have made almost all other books unnecessary. ☞Marvin Lowenthal had the ingenious idea of picking out and rearranging (in the form of an autobiography) the liveliest and most first-person-singular stuff from the immortal but overstuffed *Essais.* ☞So we have, from Houghton Mifflin, *The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne* ($3.50) a book that nestles as dangerously close to human fact as the asp in Cleopatra's sinus.

☞A very pleasant little volume of book lore comes to us from a new publisher, William H. Smith, Jr., 9 East 57 Street. It gathers together the ten prefaces written by distinguished hands for the great ten-volume catalogue of the Ashley Library (the collection of T. J. Wise in London). We note with interest that in one of these prefaces Mr. Augustine Birrell thinks the 1681 title-page of *Absalom and Achitophel* is "the most majestic in its proud simplicity" of any title-page ever printed in England. ☞The town of Bronxville has been talking about changing its name to something more romantic-sounding; Old Q. heartily approves Harry Snyder's suggestion that it be renamed Dreamthorp. ☞Q. remembers the late Will H. Low remarking that when he and other artists first settled in Bronxville it was so secluded they could paint nudes in the woods without causing scandal. ☞We liked the title of Philip Duschnes's latest catalogue (507 Fifth Ave.)—*Profit Takes a Holiday.*

☞Friswell is found! (See Q's inquiry last week.) Our colleague Mr. Clip Boutell discovered him in a delicious little encheiridion which he (C. B.) keeps in his desk drawer for reference. There he is listed as James Hain Friswell, 1827-78, author of *The Gentle Life.* The sentence quoted by Jordan Marsh reads in full: *Ink stains are difficult to get out: there is nothing so imperishable as a book.* ☞But we are still wondering about the *Boston Transcript* editorial which called the author of *Dodsworth* "Lewis Sinclair." Meanwhile we turn over the balance of the column to our split-second exposurist:—

Alexander Woollcott and Kathleen Norris doing the Hauptmann trial for the NANA. . . . Adela Rogers St. Johns is smearing it on the front pages for the Hearst rags. . . . Six grand bought 33 Dickens letters from the late Ogden Goelet collection at auction . . . and the original manuscript journal of Benedict Arnold's Expedition to Quebec in 1775 clipped a cool $4,500 at the same joint. . . . Edna St. Vincent Millay and her husband cottage-domiciled in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. . . . The newly rebuilt zoo in Central Park, N. Y., is becoming famous as the "Story Book" zoo . . . weather vanes of metal are cut in silhouette shapes of animals and birds. . . . Thomas Craven goes drama critic and blasts hell out of all current Broadway offerings. . . . Hitler's "My Battle" is now a compulsory text book in all elementary and secondary schools in Germany. . . . The new Congressional Directory gives Wm. G. McAdoo, California senator, the longest biography with 400 words and the Pa. Democrat, Senator Guffey, the shortest biography with 7 words. . . . Zowie! Harry H. Griswold, New York City, a librarian, left a net estate of $130,746. . . . The square-rigger *Joseph Conrad,* owned and captained by Alan Villiers, is still in the hard-luck class, going in for repairs after she struck rocky bottom in the New York harbor. . . . Fernando Salcedo, big-time Andorra poet, flung his chapeau in the ring for King of this little Pyrenessian country. . . . Four of the ten "best" films of 1934 were taken from books: *The Thin Man, Little Women, Viva Villa,* and *The Count of Monte Cristo.* . . . Frederic F. Van De Water went after General Hugh S. Johnson's review in a potent letter to the editor of the *New York Times* concerning the General's ignorance about some history and about *Glory Hunter* in particular. . . . The controversy wages torrid with the *Detroit News* editorially backing Van De Water. . . . The hitherto unpublished letters of Napoleon to his second wife, Marie Louise, will be syndicated in the U. S. by the United Features shortly. . . . The same outfit peddled *The Life of Our Lord* via the same route. . . . Nine books and magazines dealing with birth control were barred from entry into the U. S. by commissioner of customs for obscenity. . . .

THE FIRST REVIEW
OF VARDIS FISHER'S NEW NOVEL:

"His books may well have as much meaning for America today as Dostoievski's had for the Russia of a half century ago."—Lewis Gannett, in the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune.*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

I CAN recommend to my readers, a book to be published before long, "The Poet as Citizen and Other Papers," by *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch* (Macmillan); and I should also like to recommend to them "The Trend of Modern Poetry," by *Geoffrey Bullough,* Professor of English Literature at the University of Sheffield, England, save that it comes to me from Oliver & Boyd, the Edinburgh publishers, and I do not believe it is as yet issued in this country. Still, if you are sufficiently interested, you can procure it through their London office, 33 Paternoster Row, E. C. The published price is five shillings net. I do not mean that either of these books is enormously important, but both, in their several ways, are interesting to the student of verse—even the lay student. Sir Arthur treats of such matters as "Ancient and Modern Notions," "Tradition and Orthodoxy," "The Handicap of Poetry," and even harks back to Tennyson in 1833 and William Barnes; while Professor Bullough talks of "The Inheritance of the Twentieth Century," "Georgian Poetry," "War Poetry," "The Sitwell Group," and so on to a discussion of Herbert Read, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, and "New Signatures." He brings us up—or down—to date. Between the two books you will gain a pretty clear idea of what has been going on in English poetry, before, during, and since the late Great War. You will not get a complete panorama or perspective, but will acquire a good deal of information by the way.

The book, of those books of poems before me, that seems of most immediate interest is "A Winter Diary," by *Mark Van Doren* (Macmillan), but mine is an advance copy and the book is not yet released for review. I shall treat of it shortly. It is important work by a man with a considerable number of books of poems already to his credit. The same firm in London has just put out *Wilfrid Gibson's* "Fuel," arranged under the section headings "Fuel," "Balmoral Buildings," "Landfalls," "Ernshaw," and "The Schooner." I notice that this writer, who started as one of the Georgian poets, has now dropped his middle name of Wilson for literary purposes. Mr. Gibson is the author of a surprising number of volumes containing many lyrics and narratives. His poems of the twenty years from 1905 to 1925 have been collected. I think it notable that he still writes so interestingly. He has always been the verse-reporter of the lives of ordinary human beings. In this respect he has followed in the Wordsworthian tradition, though his style has little in common with Wordsworth's. I remember hearing one of his first books, many years ago, highly praised by *George Middleton,* the American playwright. Gibson's reputation has been long established and "Fuel" cannot be said to enhance it in any way, though it is—as I say—an interesting book, and workmanlike. It has not the keen bite and originality of some of the poems in his "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," which is the book of his I like best. But it seems amazing to me when I learn that he now is having a difficult enough time making a living and, along with most of the Georgians, fairly well forgotten in England. That this should come to pass in the case of a man of his attainments is certainly not as it should be. If the poets of the proletariat and their admirers but knew it, Gibson has sung the proletariat for years with deep sympathy and impressive sincerity. He has also tried his hand at plays. He has written of the life of his time with unsentimental realism. His apothegms also are pungent. Here is one from this most recent book:

Fools of the jest which God
Plays ever and again,
We, who thought old men odd,
Are now the odd old men.

Within the last several years your humble servant has felt that sometimes quite keenly. For he is nearing fifty and Gibson may be slightly older. We say to ourselves, "That isn't really old," but we know in our hearts that a certain wildfire has vanished from existence. I shouldn't say that it makes us exactly down-hearted, but perhaps it teaches us to know our place!

But nothing is truer than that poetry, like virtue, is its own reward. So is painting, of course, and even more so, music. Those who practise these arts do not look forward to a revolution which may give them the reins of government or put them into any position of power. There will never come a time when the generality of them will be able to command large emolument from editors and the like. Whatever happens to civilization or the economic system, they will find themselves in much the same position in regard to society as that in which they always have found themselves. And people will continue to think that it is—for instance—a good thing for poets to starve in garrets; no myth, in certain instances in America—yet most certainly a myth when we cast a glance at the great English poets of the past. I happened to be discussing this matter with an American poet, *Frank Ernest Hill,* the other evening. We named off Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Browning, and Tennyson, immediately, as poets of private means who never had to worry about money or, indeed, about earning their livings in any way. They could afford to devote themselves solely to poetry—and, certainly, their attainments were not feeble! In twentieth century America, however, the poets scramble along as best they can; keeping body and soul together through all sorts of avocations. Perhaps that's better and perhaps it isn't. I should be loth to say that the masterpieces of *John Keats* could have been better written, or that he would have written more of them, or anything like that, if he had had to figure ways and means and dollars and cents all the time! There's a great deal of bosh talked by laymen about the conditions under which the artist does his best work. They really know very little about it. They can't, in the first place, conceive of anyone electing a calling that is practically a philanthropy. It is perhaps natural that a good many poets should side with the downtrodden proletariat; except that they know in their own secret souls that—so long as they keep on being poets—any social change is going to benefit them very little. All it will do, in general, will be to upset the conditions that make their work in any way possible. The poet is actually anti-social. I think that the communists, for instance, really have very little use for him; and I don't blame them. Logically he is a bad person to have around your camp. He can't be counted on to sing your praises or to fall in with any kind of marching order. These casual and idle reflections are somewhat the kind of reflections poets indulge in. And then you take "The House of Titans and Other Poems," (Macmillan), the latest work of that certainly socially-conscious and great-spirited humanitarian Irishman, "A. E." (George Russell). His mystic feeling about the earth, his nostalgic reveries, his talk of Karma, Eros, and enchantments; what in Heaven's name are these, to be understood of Dialectical Materialism; or seem to it aught but woozy silliness? I wrote some rather bitter light-verse the other day, which I can't sell, so I think I'll quote the last section of it (in sonnet-form) here:

Poets, you are a raggèd rabble lot,
Your individualism does not charm me;
But you'll be drafted in the industrial army,
Oh yes, you will be put upon the spot,
Or, like young Keats, unto his gallipot
Returned—with all men telling you you're barmy!
They'll be around to feather and to tar me
Along with you, what time it matters not.

Or maybe they will stoop with condescension
To our poor wits, and say, "These need not perish!"
Nay, even put us on a little pension
So long as we don't sing what things we cherish,
So long as we admit our world is sold
And busted Apollo's bow of burning gold.

Always social justice will have its best spokesmen among the poets, but it won't be because they are members of a party; but because when a burning human wrong strikes home to them they can rouse the world.

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